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WILLIE BROWN.

THE night was dark in Ireland,
The rain was falling down,
And death was stealing to the heart
Of little Willie Brown.

He lay upon his mother's knee,
And looked within her eyes;
Of summers he had known but three,
And they were three of sighs.

He looked within her gentle eyes,
And tried in vain to speak;
And paler grew the faded flowers
Upon his lilly cheek.

And well the mother knew the words
Her darling would have said;
For there he lay a dying—
Dying for want of bread.

The rain upon the grassy roof
Came wildly rushing down,
And angels waited for the soul
Of little Willie Brown.

He lay upon his mother's knee,
And faster fell the rain;
He never looked within her eyes,
Or asked for bread again.

And paler grew his lilly check,
His golden hair uncurled;
And the angels whispered him away
From hunger and the world.

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THE PRIDE OF THE ARENA.

A TALE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BLACK BAND,"
And other Romances.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE BANKER AND HIS SON.

"SCOUNDREL, I disown you; you have ruined my credit, robbed my purse, tarnished my name, destroyed my peace of mind. Hence, begone, never again to show your accursed face in my presence—begone, I say."

The banker darted glances of fury upon his child, and paced his private parlor in violent anger. Indeed, he was irritated to a degree that he might have eased his pent up emotions in a volley of oaths, only Mr. Meadows, notwithstanding the fact of his being a money lender and bill shaver, was a very pious individual, an exemplary pillar of the church, whose duty it was to pray for his enemies, and not curse them.

"All very well to say go," remarked his hopeful offspring, coolly and deliberately, as he continued seated upon a marble topped table, dangling his legs a few inches above the floor, "but where am I to go to, and who's to furnish the passage money? I'll do anything to oblige you, my old top, as long as it pays; so, shell out, and I'm off."

"Reptile," muttered the banker, almost foaming at the mouth in illy controlled passion, "I disown you, disinherit you—you shall have not one cent of mine."

"That's liberal in the extreme," remarked Edward Meadows, without changing voice or manner; "it is a very charitable donation from so wonderfully pious a Christian as Meadows, the banker, the mission treasurer, the heathen's friend, and all that sort of hypocritical swindling."

"Swindling!" ejaculated the banker, positively shaking from head to foot in excess of rage; "scoundrel to call your old father a swindler."

"Then why don't he act honestly to his own son?" replied hopeful, sarcastically.

"What have I not done for him?" resumed Mr. Meadows the elder, as his anger began to subside at contemplation of his offspring's unblushing effrontery. "Did I not educate him at a first class college, did I not heap thousands of dollars upon him, did I not endeavor to make him a gentleman?"

"Quite correct," remarked Ned, with indifference, with a smile on his rather prepossessing countenance. "Why don't you keep on in the way of polishing him to perfection? It only wants the brads to finish it up."

"And what," inquired Mr. Meadows, vehemently, "has he turned out? A degraded spendthrift, a wretched gambler, a miserable rake."

"Hold on here," interrupted the prodigal son. "To all those flattering accomplishments, you forget to add that of having recently married."

"Yes, married!" ejaculated the banker, relapsing again into an excess of passion, "and to whom, sir? To a strolling circus rider—to one of those vainglorious sinful women, who pander to the depraved tastes of those worshiping in the profane temples of ungodly amusements."

"That's all very pretty for a prayer meeting, or some other pious diversion," interrupted the young man. "My marriage suits me, and I am the person most interested. All I want is money to start housekeeping."

"Not one penny of mine shall you or yours ever have," responded the banker, with renewed animation. "I disown you. Go forth—work or starve."

"That's your idea of a honeymoon, is it?" retorted the disinherited son, with sarcastic composure. "With your permission, I will do neither one thing or the other, and as for the money, mark my words, I must have it."

"Must have it!" ejaculated the banker, turning purple in the face; while his form distended, until he appeared swollen out with anger.

"That's what I said," remarked young scapegrace, emphatically.

"Defy me, in my own house?" resumed Mr. Meadows, wiping the perspiration, standing in huge drops upon his forehead. "Begone, I tell you, and the sooner you get to the gallows the better for both of us."

"You're a cheerful prophet, you are, indeed," said Edward Meadows, ironically, while the father, overwhelmed by the intensity of his rage, threw himself in an armchair, muttering incoherent fragments of speech.

"I'll see you again, when you are in a more philosophical temper, when, I trust, you will listen to reason. *Au revoir*, venerable progenitor."

The younger Meadows coolly dusted his clothes, adjusted his cravat, brushed the nap of his unexceptionable beaver, drew on his gloves, and then saluted his enraged parent with a polite wave of the hand.

"Good bye, old fellow," he said, as he reached the chamber door. "When I work, it will be at some more profitable trade than you are aware of; when I starve, it will be at your expense, I warrant you."

Having spoken in this wise, the disinherited heir sauntered leisurely to the hall door of the brown stone mansion occupied by his opulent parent. Just before emerging into the street he stopped, and summoned the attending domestic to witness his departure.

"Mary," he observed, as he chucked the pretty maiden under the chin, "you'll find the governor in the parlor, there; he's dreadful warm. I tell you you'd better have his bed made in the refrigerator."

Then, without awaiting to observe the effect of his remarks upon the servant, who had been accustomed to humor the fancies of the spoiled boy, Mr. Meadows, junior, walked down the steps of his former residence, and, turning upon his heel, bid an eternal adieu to that abode of luxury, whence he found himself expelled nominally by reason of his marriage. At no one period had Edward Meadows proved himself either a dutiful or worthy son, yet a majority of his faults were the effects of an unwise system of education. No pains had been spared to render him an accomplished scholar, an agreeable companion, a polished gentleman, and, when the humor pleased him, he shone externally in each of these capacities. Nevertheless, the disposition of Edward was naturally vicious, arrogant, and fond of authority; he courted the society of the low and vulgar; selfish and hypocritical, he descended to every means to gratify his passions; insatiable and crafty, he prostituted his talents and genius to subserve his personal weaknesses; calculating and unscrupulous, he forfeited all respect for his honor and veracity. Upon leaving college, he aspired to the reputation of a "fast man," and indulged in the successive vanities of prevailing fashion. From a leader of *ton*, he descended to a follower of sensualities, and as his means diminished he degenerated step by step, overwhelmed by indebtedness, until he sank to the level of a confirmed vagabond, without sense of shame or remorse, an avowed and unscrupulous adventurer.

J. C. MYERS—MANAGER AND TRAGEDIAN. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

It was towards the close or his fashionable career that accident threw Edward Meadows in the society of Edith Wray, professionally known as Celestine, to whom, partially from a desire of adding to his personal repute, and partially from a sincere admiration of the equestrienne's beauty and virtues, the young man enrolled himself among the army of her admirers. Intended as a mere flirtation, if not as a covering for a more sinister design, this courtship, which, to his surprise, proved long and trying, culminated in marriage; for Edward, at that period, possessed in some degree the vestiges of manly honor, and fully intended to maintain the promises by means of which he touched the heart and won the hand of the young lady, who, charmed by the attractions of his person, rather than the allurements of his fancied position, committed her future to the mercy of an unworthy pilot.

Edith loved her spouse with the intensity of a first and only passion. In the busy scenes of her daily toil, in the ever changing succession of faces, which followed her professional triumphs, in the ceaseless activity of public existence, she had found herself denied the ordinary privileges of her sex, who, in the solitude of ordinary households, were enabled to cultivate permanent and enduring bonds of friendship. But, as she was at best a shadow, flitting from place to place, momentarily dropping amid social circles, she experienced an augmenting loneliness, a deprivation of natural gratification, a lack of reliable companionship, such as cheers the heart of one who boasts a paternal home. In Edward, Edith fancied to have discovered the idol for future devotion, and to him, as a husband, she outpoured the incense of a grateful soul. She pardoned his faults, and believed in the possibility of their reformation.

The prostration of such an affectionate heart can well be imagined, when, in the earlier days of her marriage, came the outburst of the banker's anger, when, disowning his son as a confirmed prodigal, he vented reproaches upon him for having consummated a disgraceful alliance. Poverty, misfortune, and even loss of personal charms could the fair equestrienne have brooked with commendable fortitude; but to have flung against her the presumptive ignominy of a profession in which she had toiled to attain excellence, and in which she ingenuously displayed a laudable ambition, revolted the finer sensibilities of a proud, enthusiastic nature. But when in a moment of passion Edward upbraided her with being the cause of his disinheritance, she shed, for the first time in her life, tears of sorrow.

"Have courage, Edward," she said, in the simplicity of tenderness, "we are not poor, we want for nothing; and God knows I can earn money for both."

And with a wife's confidence, the equestrienne entrusted Edward with the management of her affairs, and resuming her habitual occupation, entered upon a career of remunerative engagements arduous, it is true, but their hardship was solaced by a consciousness of their necessity.

Soon the error of the young wife's confidence exhibited itself, for, naturally a drone, Meadows, imagining to have discovered an endless source of income, abused his trust, and, in the society of dissolute companions, wasted her hardly-earned salary. For six months Edith struggled in silence and without a complaint, in the fervent anticipation of winning her prodigal truant back from his untoward practices by the daily spectacle of a wife's constancy and devotion.

The cup of Edith's misery was rapidly filling to the brim, for to save Edward from the influence of an inebriate's presence, to spare him the mortification of acknowledging so plebian a relative, she had pensioned off her father, now more familiarly known as Joe the hostler, and deprived herself of every luxury and many necessities to leave him to riot in a round of bacchanalian orgies. Neither did this final sacrifice meet with an affectionate return; but on the contrary she experienced from the ingrate subsisting on her bounty incessant taunts, as information of drunken Joe's boasts and vagaries reached him through significant illusions to his misalliance from prior fashionable friends.

A twelvemonth rolled along, and Edith watched the heavy flight of lonesome hours, ever hoping for the best. She had profitably employed the summer months in the exercise of her avocation, but even in the frequent change of place and scene, her solitary condition, although concealed from all around her, preyed deeply on her health and energies. Wedded to the attractions of town life more securely than to the appreciation of a loving bride, Edward had loitered around the theatre of his accustomed pleasures, yet when Edith returned to her humble city home, he greeted her with a winning, fawning smile. It was a moment of rapture with the truly delighted girl, a beam of sunshine, which she hailed as a harbinger of returning days of joy.

"Edith, love," said Meadows with a hypocritical whine, "I have been so lonely without you, and almost devoured the letters as they came."

"I am so glad to be back, Edward," replied the equestrienne with undisguised rapture; "it seemed an age each day I missed you from my side."

"Never mind, Edith," and Edward embraced his wife affectionately, "now that you are come home. They say you have done a good business."

"Oh yes; excellent!" and the lady unconsciously displayed the products of her summer toil; "something for you, and with the rest we can hire that little house up town that you and I so much admired on our first Sunday walk, and in three more years who knows, Edward, but that we may own it? How happy could we be in that little house!"

"So we could," murmured Meadows; but as his eyes rested on the heap of bank notes, he felt sorely tempted to take them in his hand. "Yes, Edith, with a very little money we can be happy anywhere, for you know not how I have reformed, just to astonish my little wife."

Never did day pass more pleasantly and rapidly than did this one of Edith'g return, for, as Meadows narrated to his unsuspicious wife the fabulous story of his reformation, of his stern resolve to labor strenuously against temptation for the future, and Edith, thankful soul, planned picturesque castles in the air, the hours flew by on angel wings.

"Be careful of your money, dear," observed Meadows, as the time for their retirement arrived. "Where in Heaven's name can you hide it?"

"I have it here;" and with the confidence of her nature Edith playfully drew forth from her traveling chest a private drawer, skilfully concealed at the side in such a fashion as to escape casual inspection. "No one would guess where I keep my treasury. Isn't it smart?"

"Very," coolly remarked the husband, but carefully noting the method of working the contrivance. "It would baffle an ordinary thief."

The equestrienne was weary from the journey, and slept both sound and long, her slumbers calmed by pleasant dreams, generated from the contentment of a satisfied mind. It was broad daylight when she finally awoke, and to her surprise she found that Edward was not in his apartment. She called to him fondly, but no familiar words gave back a response; then she arose and habited herself with more than customary care.

"The dear fellow," she muttered to herself, as she set about arranging for their morning meal, "wished to surprise me; he's gone to make some purchase—some little trifle to mark my return."

And then Edith speculated, in playful humor, as to the cause of Edward's absence, excusing his delay by ingenious surmises, until the day was far advanced, and still he came not.

The lady took her solitary meal, delaying it long past the accustomed hour, and, to beguile uneasy moments, busied herself in the re-arrangement of her apartments, humble, it is true, but still bearing the enviable attraction of affording them a home.

Noontime came and passed; it was fast approaching fall of night, and still the truant had not re-appeared. To wonderment succeeded anxiety, and this feeling gradually merged into presentiments as to his safety, for it was now fairly dark, and Edward came not.

"When we have our little house," soliloquized Edith, as if desirous of drawing consolation from fancies of future enjoyment, "I will keep him under lock and key. He shall not leave me thus, I'll warrant."

Just then, as if by way of realizing the foretaste of her self-promised enjoyment as a householder, the equestrienne hurried to her travelling trunk, and springing the secret drawer, placed her hand therein to bring forth the hidden treasure. Nervously she searched for the roll of bills; her fingers, she thought, deceived her, so she tried again with like result. To her horror and despair the money was gone. At once the mystery of Meadows' absence revealed itself, and, loth as she was to believe in the palpable evidence of his treachery, Edith was internally convinced that Edward had possessed himself of those dearly earned monies upon which she had based the fabric of her day dreams. Bitterly she reproached her unfortunate display of wealth to the eyes of a prodigal, and in vehemence of disappointment, deeply cursed the hour of her ignominious union. Nevertheless, her passion lasted not long in violence, but as she mastered agitation, a more implacable and unrelenting sentiment of abhorence against the author of her wrong fired her unforgiving spirit. The very nature of the young woman suddenly changed; from a loving, confiding and tractable wife, she turned into an impetuous and determined mistress of her own will. This crowning injury had nerved her resolution—hours of contemplation, of ceaseless brooding over incidents of less offensive note, settled the convictions of her conscience, and steeled her heart against faith in future promises or in possibility of forgiveness.

"Edward Meadows," quoth the equestrienne to herself, as she set about packing up the few trinkets and valuables she then possessed, "this one act has filled the measure of your infamy. You have proven yourself unworthy of me, who have toiled and labored to maintain you in corruptive indolence. Henceforth our ways in this world lead to different ends, and never again will I recognize you as friend or husband. Edward, you have turned a weak woman into a vindictive viper, for now I despise and detest you!"

Then, as the chimes of the public bells rang forth the solemn hour of midnight, Edith, alone, protectorless, with no mortal staff to lean upon, knelt in due humility and registered a sacred vow—one not of meekness nor of charity—but of relentless, deliberate vengeance.

It was in such a frame of mind that, returning in the small hours of the night, Edward Meadows found his much abused wife. Dressed, and calmly awaiting his arrival, Edith opened the chamber door, and spoke in a tone of voice penetrating him to the quick.

"Edward Meadows," she demanded, resolutely, "what have you done with my money—money of which you treacherously robbed me?"

"Edith," responded her husband, whose haggard cheeks, disordered locks and blood-shot eyes betokened a sleepless night as well as vivid mental agitation, "be patient, and I will explain—"

"There is nothing to explain," said the wife, determinately. "All I ask of you is where is my money? answer me that, I charge you."

"I have lost it!" replied Meadows, doggedly, and with downcast eyes.

"At the gaming table?" inquired Edith, with sarcastic emphasis.

"I thought to make our fortune, Edith," responded the young man, gaining confidence as he perceived the calmness of a wife whom he expected to find in tears, "but I have been very unfortunate."

"You are very unfortunate, Edward Meadows, very unfortunate," quoth the lady, as she bent her piercing eyes upon him, beneath whose glances he writhed as one stricken by sudden pains, "you have lost not only my money but my obedience, and with it you have forfeited the only shelter, the only house the prodigal could call his own. Had you been a mere drone, Edward, I could excuse your indolence; had you been a simple spendthrift, I could have pardoned a fault in your education; had you been a casual gamester, I could have forgiven the allurement of temptation; but a thief, a secret, cravenly thief, Edward Meadows, deserves neither pity nor mercy."

"You shall have your money back, Edith," said Meadows, alarmed at the vehemence of his wife's manner, and mantling with shame at the cutting words of her reproach, which rang upon his ears with fearful torture, as well from the justness of their application as from the source whence they came.

"No sir, never," resumed the equestrienne, proudly. "From this hour forth, Edward Meadows, you have no wife; I disown you, I despise you!"

"Edith!" ejaculated the husband, in a tone of supplication.

"My resolution is taken," quoth the lady, with growing indignation. "As your father drove you from a parental roof as a prodigal, I expel you from a bosom you have desecrated by the touch of a thief."

"Edith," said the young man, changing his manner from that of supplication to one of menace, "you will rue this language."

"Viper, begone!" and the lady arose majestically in her injured dignity, opened the chamber door and pointed to the stairway, "lose not a moment; go hence, now and for evermore."

"But if I don't choose to go," returned Meadows, vindictively.

"Then will I," retorted Edith, firmly, and she made preparations to carry out her avowed intent. "This roof can never again shelter you and me. If I am to go, remain you; otherwise, go forth!"

There was an authority in the mandate of the resolute wife and an earnestness in the manner of its issue which carried conviction to the spirit of the craven offender. Relaxing from prior assumption of superiority, discarding cringing homage as futile, Edward Meadows, in the vain hope of modifying at some future period the anger of the imperious beauty, reluctantly and sullenly withdrew from the presence of his outraged wife.

"Stay," she exclaimed, as the door was about closing upon his retreating form, "I will not throw you penniless upon the world;" with these words she drew from her bosom a handful of bank notes, money which had eluded his tempted vision on the night before, and with a graceful wave of the hand tossed them at his feet.

"Receive, Edward Meadows, the last contribution you shall ever extort from her who once loved you to adoration;" then sinking her voice to a low, ironical pitch, Edith stammered out: "Go forth; reform, if you can; else they will be food for the gaming table."

Humiliated, crest-fallen and abashed, the prodigal loitered a second, as if in hesitation as to whether he would accept the gift, but the fascination of their possession stifled the lingering remnant of pride. The once haughty prodigate stooped down, picked up the proffered roll, and noiselessly quitted the apartment.

Edith Eastman remained not a long while in her hesitancy as to her future conduct. Much as she dreaded the forlorness of her condition, much as she feared the slurs and calumnies of her comparative widowhood, she determined upon a public and formal renunciation of her unworthy spouse.

Mr. Meadows the elder sat in the decorated apartments of his splendid mansion, surrounded by all the appliances of wealth and the inventions of fashion. His reception chamber was laden with objects of value, rosewood furniture, damask curtains, costly paintings, resplendent mirrors, and all the pomp and vanity grateful to the tastes of a *parvenu* millionaire. Personally mean, abject and miserly, the banker was prodigal in the creation and maintenance of his dwelling, for he used it as well as a means of advertising his calling as of sustaining his credit. Nevertheless, it was with a sad pang that he viewed the evidence of his profuse outlay, and with a sorrowing heart calculated the loss of interest yearly eating itself up in this superfluous display, for he alone of the multitude who cast eyes upon these costly fascinations neither admired their beauties nor revelled in their ornate luxury.

Mr. Meadows prided himself upon having been the architect of his own fortune, which was reputed to be very large, but he carefully abstained from detailing the moral means employed in erecting this financial edifice. He had started in life an operative goldsmith, but by working zealously, had succeeded to his own establishment in business, which, enlarged by degrees, had caused him to be recognized as the leading jeweller of this wealthy metropolis. It was wonderful how one man could accumulate within a brief space of time such vast treasures. Many intimated that payment of duties was a duty unobserved by this financier, and again it was a current rumor that the goldsmith was not over choice in gleaning the prior history of the precious metals which came forth in solid ingots from a crucible, fed night and day with a constant supply of material flowing from sources not exactly, if sundry reports could be credited, deemed honest; but then Mr. Meadows was a Christian of extra piety, who condescended to hand around the plate on Sundays, and occupied his leisure on week days in earnest prayers for his enemies, and every banker has a host of them.

"Brother Meadows," quoth a sleek, overfed pastor, who bowed and smiled to the man of money, while laying before him a subscription list, "I am sorry to trouble you, but the wants of the Lord ever find a comforter in one who not only preaches but practices charity. Our Bible Society, in their supply of large-typed octavos for the use of half blind heathens, converted in their old age, looks to you for a donation of a thousand or so."

"The Lord be praised for his mercy," responded the banker, drawing out his check book, although mentally he consigned all heathens, old and young, to the bottomless pit, "that I should be an instrument in doing good. It is so pleasant to be doing good, Brother Slocum." And the pious financier, although much against his will, drew out a check for a handsome donation, which the Bible Society emissary pocketed with a mechanical action and a drawling ejaculation.

"The blessing of God be upon you and yours!"

To this visitor succeeded another, but of a far different caste; a pale, meagre, careworn man, in a very seedy coat and an evident consumption.

"So you are here, are you, you confounded scamp?" said the banker, gruffly, as his visitor approached, "Have you brought the money, sir?"

"I could not raise it, I assure you," said the debtor, meekly. "My wife has died, my child is sick, and I suffer myself from illness."

"What is that to me?" retorted the banker, passionately. "You've had my money, and the securities were worthless. It was a fraud, sir, and I'll punish you for it. A man who don't pay his debts is a thief, sir."

"No, sir," said the man, with a sigh, "but if I rob my sick child, I should not only be a thief, but a murderer. For her sake, I now defy you."

The debtor paused not to witness the storm this sharp language conjured up, for he walked out of the room, conscious of his moral superiority.

"Well, young woman, what do you want?" quoth the banker, as Edith, arrayed in her best attire, presented herself before her father-in-law, while her father, Joe, the Hostler, habited in genteel attire, preserved his position respectfully in the rear, "on whose behalf is your mission, ma'am?"

"On behalf of your son," said Edith, blushing modestly.

"Then you may as well go," replied Mr. Meadows, changing his tone. "If you want money, you won't get it here. You are his wench, I suppose."

"I was his wife," replied Edith, proudly, "and money of yours I would not touch for the love of mercy—not a cent, sir. It would defile me."

"Then what brings you here?" inquired the banker, testily.

"Simply because I believed it my duty," responded the equestrienne, "to inform you that I have discarded and disowned my husband. Now, sir, you can take your son back to this mansion of luxury, whence he was driven for the indignity of marrying one who loved, cherished and supported him. Herein, sir, I have discharged my duty. Do yours."

"He made a fool of himself," said the banker, sarcastically. "He's sick of his bargain, and would come sneaking home again, cur as he is. But you may tell him, with my compliments, that this door is forever closed against one who has demeaned himself by marrying a common vagrant."

"I am no vagrant, sir," said the equestrienne, haughtily, "but your son would have made me one, thanks to your fatherly kindness."

"Madam," exclaimed the banker, with a gesture of indignation, "this interview has lasted too long," and he rang a silver table bell, to which a domestic promptly responded.

"Show these people into the street, and take a good look at them, so that you may remember that whenever they call, I am not at home."

Edith blushed deeply, for the warm blood mantled to her cheeks at this gratuitous indignity. Consequently she prepared to leave his presence, when her father, who had been staring at the banker during the entire period of their visit with an air of abstraction, suddenly started up, and placed himself before the millionaire, with his eyes bent upon him fixedly.

"Turn Edith into the street, man," said the hostler, vindictively, for a reminiscence of his former condition flashed vividly upon him. "Take a good look at me, and then say have you ever seen me before?"

The banker faced the questioner, and scrutinized his countenance sharply, then, as his lips trembled acutely, he stammered out, "Never."

"You haven't, eh?" continued the hostler, nothing daunted. "You may forget faces, but I don't. For sixteen long years have I been trying to catch sight of that blessed face, and now I have found you. Come, Edith," he continued, as the banker fairly quailed before the fixed stare of the speaker, "we'll go now, but he'll be very glad to see us when we come again, and you won't want for money, child."

And as Joe, the Hostler, emerged from the mansion with his fair companion, he indulged in a prolonged whistle, with eccentric variations, and with an ejaculation of "Found him, by G—d!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

To Correspondents.

EDWIN, S., Nashville, Tenn.—We have generally advised beginners to start in some small position, and work up by degrees, the stage itself being the best school; but where an individual possesses more than ordinary ability, and confidence in his own powers, an instructor might put him in the way of making a more auspicious *debut*. Apply to some manager in person. It might be well to remind you that some of our best actors have worked their way up from the lowest rounds of the dramatic ladder, and are not ashamed to own it now that they occupy a high position.

C. A. M. Trenton.—We have consulted several experienced players of "Help Your Neighbor," and find that there is no recognised rule on the point you mention. The players must agree before commencing, whether in such a case as you state, the rub passes to the third and fourth players, when the second player has already had the number thrown rubbed out. The rule varies in different localities, and must be clearly understood at the commencement of the game.

MCCLELLAN BOY, Springfield.—1. As the fact of 101 points being on A's string did not assist B in running the game out, we cannot see why A claimed game. B won it beyond a doubt. 2. Sir William is reliable we believe, and if he got the spons, we presume he sent the gloves. 3. Jem Mace is considered more scientific with the gloves than Tom Sayers.

C. M., Masonville, Conn.—George Sinclair, the Liverpool Slasher, fought Reed on the 23d of October, 1841. After a contest of two hours and twenty-four minutes, and 93 rounds, a wrangle occurred, so the stakeholder ordered them to fight again for the stakes, 4th Jan., 1842, both claiming the battle; but the stakes were finally drawn.

T. B., Philadelphia.—Dan Donnelly fought three times in the regular Prize Ring, with Hall, Oliver, and Cooper, winning every time. His fights with Cooper and Hall took place on the Curragh of Kildare, and his match with Oliver at Crawley Hurst, upwards of thirty miles from London.

FRED. HOWARD, Nashville.—1. A party advertises in this paper to furnish professionals with wardrobe. 2. The fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan was April 17th, 1860. 3. Items would always be acceptable. 4. The subscription to the CLIPPER is five dollars a year, or two dollars and fifty cents for six months.

H. A. H.—"What was the quickest time of the Ledger team?" .....Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid trotted 2 miles to a road wagon on the Fashion Course, L. I., and driven by their owner, Mr. Bonner, in 5 min. 1¼ secs. One mile in 2:26.

LITTLE MAC, Philadelphia.—There is no fixed price; the time required would depend on your own proficiency. We do not know who teaches the "noble art" in your city.

G. F. C., Philadelphia.—No record having been kept, we are unable to state; but John Howard's 28 feet from off a spring board is the best done in that way.

G. K., Champaign Co., Ill.—John Morrissey is still alive, but has other and better business than pugilism to engage his time. There is no other man of that name in the P. R.

AMATEUR, Troy, N. Y.—S. French, 122 Nassau street, publishes a guide to the stage and the art of acting. See his advertisement on seventh page.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot inform you the longest time a mail steamer has been on the passage between New York and Liverpool during the last 12 months.

N. F. C., Watertown.—An advertisement of four lines will cost you 48 cents a week. For three months, 20 per cent off. Ten lines would cost $1.20 per week.

QUOITS.—It is a difficult matter to say who is the best draught player in the world. The best are Wylie, Martin, McKerrow, Drummond, Drysdale, etc.

R. W., U. S. Monitor Sangamon.—"Did John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers have an interview, or meet together, previous to the Farnborough affair?" .....No. They first met in the ring.

NIMS, Washington D. C.—"In cribbage, if A plays a six, B a four, and A a five, is it a sequence of three for A?".....Yes, and a "fifteen-two" too.

W. MCCABE, Washington.—The rise in the subscription for the CLIPPER, does not affect your old subscription. Your time does not expire until No. 28, Vol. 13.

T. AND D.—As Sayers was not confined to weight in the fight his precise weight is difficult to arrive at. But he assuredly fought over 150 lbs., as his regular fighting weight was 152 lbs.

A. M. W., Fort Independance.—1. Heenan was nearly three months in training for his fight with Sayers. 2. Mace's fighting weight is 160 lbs. He never fought at 130 lbs.

LOVER OF SPORT.—Your are already entitled to a vote in the city and county of New York.

W. S., Nashville.—The last we heard of Julia Robinson, she was engaged in Baltimore.

B., Chicago.—Unsworth is probably as good as any. We cannot decide who is best.

G. S., Chicago.—We are already publishing such sketches. However, we can tell better when we have seen one of your's.

HI-HI-UP-TOP.—The lady is twenty-one years of age. She is not married.

C. B. C., Gambier.—Gen. Butler was never called Lancet; they are widely different horses.

READER, Providence.—Coburn's colors are not for sale in this city.

A FITZPATRICK, Steamer Chickamango.—The lady is a daughter of Gustavus Geary.

T. S. MONTGOMERY.—The lady has never been married. See our dramatic summary for her whereabouts.

E. H. D., Portland.—Send the letter to this office, and we will advertise it.

YOUNG FRANKS.—As Martins sent his letter direct to you, it would be but fair that you answer him privately.

MERON, Providence.—Your letter reached us too late to be of use.

YOUNG AMERICA, Rochester.—Did not reach us until the 28th.

J. M. B.—Coburn and Mace are to fight on Tuesday, October 4th.

J. H., New Haven.—John Woods, of Boston, enlisted in this city.

E. D. G., Cumberland City.—Flora's best time was 2:19¾.

L. P. LANE, Boston.—We prefer the cash for each insertion.

INCOG, Washington, D. C.—Coburn fought Ned Price once, only.

CHICAGO SUBSCRIBER.—August Belmont was born in Germany.

S. C. G., Peekskill.—B loses; two hits make a game.

DOONEY HARRIS.—We have a letter for you.

THE HAUNTED TOWER, one of the latest works by that mysterious writer, Mrs. Henry Wood, has just been issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publishers, of Philadelphia, who purchased early proof sheets so as to give the work to the public in advance of its publication in England. Price, in paper covers, 50 cents.

The same publishers have issued a "New Cook Book," which inducts the uninitiated into the mysteries of domestic affairs, such as roasting, boiling, making preserves, slap-jacks, jellies, creams, hash, syrups, stewed eels, and everything nice. Girls about to enter the connubial state will find this work a valuable assistant in making both ends meet. It's a very pretty thing to understand the art of cooking, and a man fond of good living always prefers a wife who knows how to cater to his ravenous appetite. Price of the book, in full gilt, $2.

A BUST.—Pugnacious friends who imagine we are about to enlighten them on the subject of a melee, will please curb their tempers. It is of a phrenological bust we would speak, a bust which looks benignly at us as we write, and by which we can tell precisely how intellectual we are, how brutal, or how moral, of which, without its assistance, some people might live in ignorance. The bust before us is a cast made of Plaster of Paris, showing the latest classification and exact location of the organs of the brain, fully developed. It is a well-balanced head, and can be had of Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway, who are capital hands on a bust, so feeling and so tender.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—A splendid colored engraving of George B. McClellan and Abraham Lincoln (on one plate), will be sent to any address on receipt of two three cent stamps to pay postage. Address W. B. Merwin & Co., 63 Liberty street, New York.

NED BUNTLINE'S McClellan Song Book will be issued by the author next week.

TROTTING MATCH IN MILWAUKEE.—The denizens of the "City of Bricks" seldom have the pleasure of witnessing trials of speed in the fast horse line, but on the 19th September an immense gathering assembled at the Cold Spring Course to witness a trot for a purse of $300, mile heats, best two in three, between "Silc" Barbee's black gelding George, and Geo. Thustan's black stallion Cub. Greenbacks were quite easy, and a considerable amount of "spons" changed hands. The following is the summary:

S. Powell named b g George	1	2	2
G. Thustan, b s Cub	2	1	1

Time—2:52½, 2:48, 2:45½.

FOUR DEAD HEATS.—A trot took place on the Riverside Park Course, Boston, on September 21st, between two untrained horses, the chief peculiarities of which were that they trotted four dead heats and made slow time. It was at mile heats, best three in five, gentlemen drivers. Summary:—

E. Leary's s g Down Easter	1	1	0	0	0	1
Frank Briggs' b g General McClellan	2	2	0	0	0	2

Time—3:10; 3:11½; 3:16; 3:19; 3:16; 3:18; 3:15.

COBURN AND MACE'S MATCH.

Arrival of our Special Reporter in London.

THE BATTLE MONEY ALL UP.

WE have dates from London up to Sept. 21st, by which we learn that the last deposit of the battle money for the fight between Coburn and Mace was duly made on the evening previous. The money, $5000, is therefore in the hands of the stakeholder, and by the time this reaches many of our readers, the match will, in all probability, have been decided. Our reporter arrived in Liverpool on the 16th of Sept., and by the London *Sporting Life* of Sept. 21st, which gives an account of the staking of the last deposit, we learn that our representative was present on the occasion, taking stock of the proceedings. In another part of this paper will be found the latest news culled from the London sporting press, to which we refer the reader.

P. S.—Monday, P. M.—Since the above was written, we have received two letters from our reporter, but which, owing to the late hour they came to hand, we are unable to give this week. Our reporter had a long conversation with John C. Heenan, in Liverpool, and the latter made some remarks touching the fight with King, which will prove new and interesting to our readers. He had also met and conversed with Mace, who is represented as being in splendid trim, and eager for the fight; his weight was 160 lbs. Mace had received some injury to his knee pan by falling out of his trap, but was all right again. This was known to a few only. Coburn being in Ireland, our reporter had not yet seen him, but heard from him by letter. He was well, and in good trim, and was down to 150 lbs. Mace will be the heavier man. Coburn's colors were selling rapidly.

The letters will be given in full in our next.

IN FULL BLAST.—The campaign for the Presidency is under full headway, and everybody is "on it." You can sass any one you wish to, from Abe down; you can call a man a notorious thief, or a blackguard, or a hypocrite, and nothing is thought of it. If a man differs with you in politics, you have the privilege of smashing his hat over his eyes, and all's serene; you will be held guiltless if you wipe a man out who don't think as you do. You may pelt torchlight processions with bad eggs, and you will be looked upon as a good egg by the party who egged you on. Everything is going along nicely—no quarreling, no striking, no nothing. Votes bring as much as substitutes, and are far more plenty. Betting is not *very* brisk yet; some sports wager that New York will go for Little Mac, while others are equally confident that Pennsylvania will go for Little Abe. As to the general result, studious sports claim that Little Mac would make a clean sweep of it if he hadn't so much dead wood to carry. Owing to the election taking place all over the country on the same day, gentlemen who have been accustomed to voting often and early whenever they wanted to, will have their kind intentions now somewhat interfered with.

IN MOTION.—The Union armies in Virginia have been put in motion once more, to the manifest disgust and discomfort of rebels and rebel sympathisers. Grant's freeholders have got a little closer to Richmond at one end the line, and are about to take the railroad at the other. This U. S G. train will probably go through. All aboard for Petersburg *and* Richmond?

POOR OLD HORSE!—The trotting horse "Old John," owned by Anthony Fischer, of Philadelphia, died a few days since, near that city, at the advanced age of forty-six years. It is said that only a few days previous to his death he could make his mile within three minutes.

HOBOKEN RACES.—Owing to stress of weather, the managers of the Hoboken races concluded to postpone the second and third day's racing until Oct. 6th and 7th. A report of the first day's proceedings will be found in our Turf department.

WHERE IS TEN BROECK.—The name of our American Representative on the British Turf is not as conspicuous on the register as in former years, and his name is seldom mentioned this season, in connection with either running or betting.

THE ANGLO-CELTIC MATCH.

Joe Coburn vs. Jem Mace.

ALL THE MONEY STAKED.

The one thousand pounds or the five thousand dollars for which these two famous followers of St. Pugil are to fight on the shores of Old Erin, are in the final stakeholder's hands, and notwithstanding predictions to the contrary, everything appears to be progressing in the most satisfactory manner. Corroborative of the above remarks we quote the following from the *Sporting Life* of Sept. 14, which says:—

"This great match, as regards money affairs, is progressing very favorably on the part of the thorough Britisher, Jem Mace, inasmuch as Harry Brunton placed in the hands of Alec Keene, Three Tuns, Moor-street, Soho, the deposit of £50 due from Jem. The Irish-American's money has already been deposited with the final stakeholder, and no representative showed at Keene's. The meeting at Doncaster may be a trifling excuse, but to meet our views (who think that the preliminaries of a great mill like the approaching contest between Mace and Coburn for the princely stake of £1,000, should have been represented at least by one of the antagonistic parties), it appears to be a lame one. Reports are flying about that no fight will or can take place in Ireland; but from the tenor of the meeting at Keene's last evening, we are certain that any short-coming will not be on the part of the now metropolitan pugilist, Jem Mace. Alec Keene's was crammed, and amongst the crowd several old faces were recognized; viz., Harry Brunton, Alec himself of course, Geo. Brown, Geo. Crockett, Jones, Ikey Baker, *cum multis aliis*. Previous to the business of the evening being commenced, next week's and other forthcoming matches were gone into. Dove's and Napper's was passed without a remark, beyond a wish on the part of old ring-goers to be present. Crockett, in his null with Tyler, offered to take £50 to £25 as a bet. Shortly after ten o'clock, Harry Brunton staked £50 for Jem Mace, stating that it was well known that Joe Coburn's money was always posted with the stakeholder, and that he (Brunton) had kept faith with the public, by posting at Keene's. He further said that Jem Mace was well, and weighed only 11st 10lb; that he was thoroughly fit, and would be at Doncaster Sept. 14, to see the 'sellinger' run for. Harry wound up by offering to lay 300 to 200 on Mace. Alec Keene, on the receipt of Mace's money, announced that £400 a side was virtually made good for the match, and, moreover, said that, although the fighting men over the water might be jealous of the Old Englishers, he found that those pugilists who left our shores were met across the Atlantic with the best of feeling, and in more than one instance they had made great fortunes. To wind up a very pithy speech, Alec intimated that the final deposit, of £100 a side, had to be made at Harry Brunton's, the George and Dragon, Beech-street, Barbican, on Tuesday, Sept. 20, and finished with the old-standing sentiment—'May the better man win.'"

The same paper of the 17th says:—

"Since the deposit at Alec Keene's, on Sept. 13th, very little has transpired respecting the doings of the principals for this great mill. The work done by Coburn, and his whereabouts, are properly kept a perfect secret, and beyond the weekly letter received by Nat Langham from his *protege*, Coburn and his condition, etc, form a mystery. Coburn's letter is expressive of confidence in his ability to win, dwelling particularly on his intentions; at the same time he hopes that no magisterial interference will mar the proceedings. All the available news about Coburn can be obtained at Nat Langham's, the Mitre, St. Martin's-lane, where his colors are going off with great rapidity. Jem Mace has been at Doncaster since Wednesday, on which day he walked from Sheffield (his then headquarters) to Doncaster, to see the St. Leger, and certainly no man could possibly look better, or express himself more "confident." As Mace has to procure £200 to stake up his final deposit, and find the £100 allowed Coburn for expenses, he calls upon those gentlemen who have promised to "stand" with him, to forward the same to Harry Brunton's, the George and Dragon, Beech-street, Barbican, where all the latest particulars about Jem and his doings can be ascertained. His colors can be obtained at Brunton's, at the usual tariff. A shift of the training quarters of both men is considered judicious, and therefore for the future no mention of their whereabouts will be made. The betting is 6 to 1 on Mace."

Again, in its issue of the 21st, the *Sporting Life* says:—

"The final deposit, of £100 a side, as announced, took place on Sept. 20th, at Harry Brunton's, George and Dragon, Beech-street, Barbican, in the presence of a large muster of the London ringgoers. Nat Langham and a friend were present as the representatives of Coburn, while Brunton did the amiable for Jem Mace. Mr. Edwin James, of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, was present, looking on. Harry Brunton announced that Mace's money was all right, while Nat Langham stated the same for Coburn, but as no money passed and no arrangements were entered into respecting the future, the meeting at the stakeholder's on Friday is the real final deposit. We learn, from a private letter received by the Etna, that the betting in New York is 100 to 70 on Mace, with plenty of takers."

Additional particulars of the staking of the next to the last deposit, with comments, we find in *Bell's Life* of September 17th. We quote:—

"The match is now approaching completion. On Tuesday evening, September 13, a large assemblage at Alec Keene's witnessed the posting of another deposit of £50 a side, making up the money down to £800. There was much excitement, and no end of talk anent the match, but as to betting, we may say that business was extremely dull, the backers of Mace evidently being loth to open their mouths too wide, while the Coburn party were as little inclined for business, unless at long shots. We were sorry to hear many of the company again speaking of this match as 'international,' and it was with equal regret we saw in several of the daily journals that the sensation writers who provide sporting paragraphs on subjects of which they know nothing at so much per line have adopted the same term—a term which is only calculated to mislead a certain class of readers, who only study Ring matters on especially exciting occasions, and who by ignorant tattling on the subject only engender hostile feelings among those who have made matches entirely with a friendly feeling and a disposition to try for a manly spirit a question of superiority between man and mass. It should be remembered that Joe Coburn is not an American, but an Irishman, and that he did not leave his native country until he was thirteen years of age, and that in the event of his defeating Mace, or, indeed, every member of the English P. R., he will no more demonstrate a superiority of *physique* on the part of the American nation than would a victory obtained by an army of Germans and Irish in the pay of the North prove the superiority of that country over the forces of the Confederates. We trust that we shall hear no more of this stupid twaddle, and that the match will be regarded by all as what it is, viz., a trial of skill and strength between man and man. The final deposit is to be made, of £100 a side, on Tuesday evening, September 20, at Harry Brunton's, George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican, when it is hoped the representatives of the men will agree as to a place of fighting. If not, we would suggest, as we did last week, that they should meet at our office the following day, between twelve and two o'clock, to toss. Both men are in full work, and, from all we hear, their friends are perfectly satisfied with their condition.

The *Illustrated Sporting News*, also of the 17th, is to hand, from which, although it contains nothing materially different from the above quotations, we clip the annexed paragraph, so that CLIPPER readers may have the fullest information in regard to this great pugilistic event.

"The stipulated meeting at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, on the occasion of the posting of a further instalment in the all-absorbing match for £1000, between the Norfolk hero and American Coburn, took place on Tuesday night, and we never saw a pugilistic meeting better attended. Neither of the gladiators were present, but it was announced that Joe's cash had already been placed in the hands of the final stakeholder. On this observation being made, Harry Brunton instantly produced £50 on behalf of Mace. The latter was on Doncaster Town Moor on Wednesday; he looked in excellent condition, and weighed 11 st. 10 lbs. The odds of £300 to £200 was offered on Mace, but there was no response. Alec Keene intimated that £400 of the stakes had then been deposited, and hoped that the best man might win."

Our trans-Atlantic contemporaries seem to be a little mixed up about the date of the final deposit, some announcing it for September 27th, but as the *Sporting Life* of the 21st states that it has actually been made, we presume we are right in announcing that the money is all up, and it now awaits ownership by the successful competitor in the forthcoming big battle.

QUOIT MATCH.

St. Andrew's Club, of New York, vs. Newark Club, of New Jersey.

THE return match between the above clubs came off on Thursday, September 29th, on the quoiting grounds of Mr. Dunham, corner of Broadway and Astor Place, and resulted in the defeat of the Jersey club by one shot. They only played two rinks, two players a side in each rink, and the play throughout was very closely contested. The rink, where those fine pitchers, Gibson and Killock, represented New York against McGregor and McLaren, of Newark, was a fine display of science, McGregor playing a very fine game, as his share of the score will show. The New Yorkers, however, were the favorites in the betting, and were freely backed at $25 to $20. This rink lasted fully two hours, and resulted in Gibson and Killock winning, with a score of 41 against 38. It was almost dark before the second rink got started, and a lighted candle was necessary before they got finished—in fact, two thirds of the game was played in the dark. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, it was a most excellent game, the redoubtable Drysdale showing in his old form and planting his quoit in the right place. The New Yorkers lost this rink by a score of 31 to their 29, but having 3 to spare on the first rink, they won the match by one shot. The match was originally made for eight players a side, but the Jersey men came shorthanded. The New Yorkers, however, had two or three good ones in reserve, had the other side been fully represented. Annexed is the score:—

ST. ANDREWS—First Rink.		NEWARK—First Rink.	
James Gibson	25	Sandy McGregor	25
William Killock	16—41	James McLaren	13—38
Second Rink.		Second Rink.	
Sandy Drysdale	17	A. Ferguson	17
J. Smith	12—29	Samuel Grimshaw	14—31
Total	70	Total	69

Majority for St. Andrews, 1 shot.

TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT.—It is with pleasure we learn that measures are in contemplation among some of the leading patrons of the healthy recreation of quoit pitching, to arrange a grand quoiting tournament among the leading players of the states of New York and New Jersey, as a testimonial benefit for that veteran quoiter and unequalled player, Mr. George Dunham, the popular superintendant of the quoit ground belonging to the Normal Club, corner of Broadway and Astor Place. The deep interest which Mr. Dunham has ever taken in the game, and his unwearied efforts for many years to popularize it, combined with his never-failing courtesy and readiness to assist and instruct young beginners in this interesting and health-giving recreation, render this proposed testimonial an appropriate acknowledgement of his valuable services from the quoit players of the abovenamed states.

BALL PLAY.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc , intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

MUTUAL vs. EMPIRE.

A VERY interesting match was played between these clubs on Sept. 28th, on the Mutual grounds, the occasion being the return game between them, the result being a victory for the Mutuals by a score of 13 to 8. Neither club had out its full nines, each being three short, but the substitutes played well, and consequently the contest proved to be a close and interesting one. A high wind favored the pitching, but little batting being done, but the fielding was sharp and close on both sides, as the score shows—the totals at the close of the fifth innings being but 4 to 4. In the last four innings, however, the Mutuals scored 9 to the Empires, 4. The Empires put out thirteen players on the fly, Wilson, Westervelt and Jewett making good catches. Culyer also made a good bound-catch. Dr. Bell also took two balls well on the fly. The 1st base of Sebring was excellent, and Russell's play at short field was good, he making a very pretty double-play by a fly-catch, and an out at 2d base. Scott fielded well in returning the ball in from the field, and Jewett's play was very good behind. Ryder also made some good stops at 2d base. Dr. Bell pitched very effectively in the early part of the game, but he was also wild in his delivery at times. On the Mutual side, Brown's fine play behind was noticeable. Wanzley held every ball at 1st base that was passed to him from the field, and Duffy was exceedingly active at 3d base, especially in taking foul balls; McMahon was efficient, as he always is, no matter what position he occupies, and Hewett's short fielding was fully up to the mark of Devyr. Harris pitched very well throughout, and the outer field was well attended to. The full score below gives all further particulars:

BATTING.

EMPIRE.	H.L.	R.	MUTUAL.	H.L.	R.
Wilson, l f	2	2	Wanzley, 1st b	2	3
Westervelt, 3d b	3	1	Kelly, c f	2	2
Culyer, r f	4	0	Brown, c	2	2
Dr. Bell, p	3	1	Green, r f	4	2
Scott, c f	3	0	McMahon, 2d b	4	1
Sebring, 1st b	3	1	Duffy, 3d b	1	1
Jewett, c	3	1	Zeller, l f	4	1
Russell, s s	4	0	Harris, p	5	0
Ryder, 2d b	2	2	Hunt, s s	3	1
Total	8		Total		13

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Empire	0	2	2	0	0	0	2	0	2—8
Mutual	1	0	0	3	0	3	2	4	0—13

Passed balls—Jewett, 4; Brown, 4.
Home runs—McMahon, 1; Westervelt, 1.
Struck out—Scott, 1; Harris, 1.
Fly-catches made—Duffy, 2; McMahon, 2; Kelly, 2; Wanzley, 1—total, 7. Westervelt, 3; Jewett, 3; Wilson, 2. Dr. Bell, 2; Sebring, 2; Russell, 1—total, 13.
Catches missed—McMahon, 1; Wilson, 2.
Double play by Russell.
Put out on bases—Empire, 11 times; Mutual, 4 times.
Put out on foul balls—Empire, twice; Mutual, 11 times.
Run out—Sebring by McMahon and Duffy.
Time of game—1 hour and 50 minutes.
Umpire—Mr. Chas. Holt of the Excelsior Club.
Scorers—Messrs. Gaunt and McConnell.

McCLELLAN VS. FRONTIER.

The home and home match between these clubs was played on the Atlantic Grounds September 26th, for the Championship of Brooklyn, resulting in favor of the McClellan by the following score:—

BATTING.

McCLELLAN.	H.L.	R.	FRONTIER.	H.L.	R.
McCaffery, l f	3	4	McCaffery, 1st b	2	4
Cook, 3d b	3	5	McGroty, 3d b	3	2
Burns, c f	3	3	Gallahan, 2d b	4	2
Jas. Kenney, 2d b	1	6	McGroty, r f	1	4
Burke, p	1	4	O'Neil, s s	1	4
Ragen, r f	4	3	Ferguson, p	3	3
James Kenny, c	1	4	Welch, c	1	3
Seymour, 1st b	3	2	Conway, c f	4	2
Griffiths, s s	5	1	McKay, l f	5	0
Total	32		Total		24

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	
McClellan	1	2	4	1	3	3	13	5	—32
Frontier	2	1	8	3	4	0	4	2	—24

Fly catches made—Cook, 2; John Kenny, 2; Burke, 3; James Kenny, 2; Secor, 1; McCaffrey, 2; Gallahan, 1; J. McGroty, 2; Ferguson, 2; Welch, 1; Conway, 1.
Home runs—Burke, 1; Cook, 1; John Kenny, 1; McCaffrey, 1; Welch, 1; Ferguson, 1.
Balls passed catcher—Jas. Kenny, 6; Welch, 6; Ferguson, 2.
Left on bases—Secor, 1; Burke, 1; Jas. Kenny, 1; Welch, 1; Gallahan, 1; O'Neil, 1.
Time of game—Three hours and ten minutes.
Scorer for McClellan—Jas. Conlin.
Scorer for Frontier—P. A. Boylan.
Umpire—Mr. Crane.

HARLEM VS. NEW YORK.—A match game of base ball between the Unknown base ball club of Harlem, and the Irving base ball club of New York, will take place on the ground of the latter, at 63d street, on Thursday, Oct. 6th; game called at 2½ o clock.

CRICKET.

YOUNG AMERICA VS. WILLOW.

The first match between the Young America club of Philadelphia and the Willow club of Brooklyn took place on the Bedford Cricket Grounds, Brooklyn, on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st, the result being a drawn game. The unpropitious weather prevented play from being commenced on Friday until after 2 P. M.; hence there was not time to play it out the next day, and it is considered a drawn game. The Willow club brought a strong team against their young opponents on this occasion, their eleven including Higham, Hudson, Hammond, Sharp and Crossley—the strongest players of the New York club—Draper of the Boston club, and Dr. Andrews—the best bowler of the East New York club—all of whom are regular members of the Willow club. This of course was perfectly legitimate, and in accordance with the custom of all our cricket clubs, all adopting the same principle without exception in both cities; but as a contest between club and club, it was a game of no interest whatever. In fact, our leading cricket matches are little better than trials of skill between selected elevens, that *esprit du corps* which marked the matches between the New York and St. George clubs having died out with the last match these clubs played together in 1857. But to the game. On Friday, as soon as the weather admitted of play, Young America sent in George and "Little Dan" Newhall to the bowling of Crossley and Hudson, the latter bowling his effective slows, for which he was notable when a member of the Brooklyn club in 1857. George Newhall defended his stumps well for some time against both the swift and slow bowling, besides running up the good score of 16, in which was 2 threes and 3 twos, Dan soon falling a victim to Hudson's slows. C. Newhall was next, and he was well caught for a single by Sharp; Mellor, his successor, being run out, as George was; H. Newhall afterwards retiring for 2, from stopping a straight one from Hudson with his legs; Vernou doing the same with one from Andrews, who bowls over the wicket and generally straight. Davis was in some time for his good score of 13, marked with a 3 and 2 twos, the remainder of the eleven retiring for less than average scores, Bayard carrying his bat out for 5. The total score amounted to 69, of which only 9 were extras, the fielding being better than the average display seen on the same grounds this season. The Willow sent in Hammond and Sharp as their first representatives at the bat, Sharp being the first to retire, he being well bowled by C. Newhall; Hammond afterwards being caught at point by Bayard off Johns, for a score of 10, in which were 3 twos. Dr. Andrews was the third victim, he being also bowled by Charley Newhall. Higham carrying the bat out when "time" was called. The next morning the game was resumed at 10 o'clock, with the understanding that stumps should be drawn at 4 P. M., as the Philadelphians were desirous of taking the 6 P. M. train, the game to be considered drawn if not played out by that time. Higham and Hudson went in at the bat, facing the bowling first of Johns and C. Newhall, and afterwards of George Newhall, Hudson falling a victim to George after he had been in an hour for a well made 18, in which were a 3 and 2 twos, leg bits, his wicket, the 4th, falling for 61, the 3d having gone down the night previous for 27. Higham remained in another half hour, after which he was run out from a ball well taken at wicket by H. Newhall, he, in the interim, having Draper and Crossley for partners, Draper being quickly disposed of by Johns for 0. Higham's wicket fell for 75, none but Crossley afterwards making an average score, Crossley playing well for 14, carrying his bat out, his five hits to leg being prominent. H. Gesborne began well with the slows, but he soon gave a chance for a catch, which was well taken by Davis, Whittaker being also very well caught by H. Newhall near the wicket, it being a good running catch. The last wicket fell for 88, the extras being 17, of which two only were byes, the long stopping being excellent. The Philadelphians complained about the decisions of the umpire in the first days innings as being rather too favorable for the Willow side. Now we have a word or two to say about this matter, and we trust it will have some effect in future contests. It is a fact, too much lost sight of in cricket, that umpires in matches are present solely to settle disputed points, and not to act as advocates or guardians of the interests of the clubs they stand for. Players seem to forget this in their hurried and too frequently discourteous questioning of the decisions made by the respective referees in a game. Umpires are just as liable to err as the players themselves in their estimate of any particular play made, and due allowance should be made for these errors. There is but one rule that will work satisfactorily in this matter, and that is the one which requires every man in an eleven to silently acquiesce in the decision of the umpire, be that decision right or wrong. If there be reason to think this or that man a partial umpire, object to his occupying the position, but when once the eleven, or their captain—the same thing—consents to any one standing as umpire, from that moment not a word of objection should be made to any decision he makes. That is the only fair mode of procedure, and the only course to pursue in order to have harmonious proceedings in a match. The position of an umpire at best is an unpleasant and unthankful one, and in cases where non-professionals consent to favor an eleven by standing as umpire in a match, common courtesy requires that his decisions should be silently acquiesced in. This grumbling at the decisions of umpires it was that was working ruin in base ball matches. We saw its evil tendency and have worked hard to reform it, and now you can see match after match at base ball played, and error after error committed by umpires, but not a word of dissent from their decisions, except at the hands of players who are unworthy of being members of the National Association of Ball Players; and it is about time that the cricketers should follow suit, and stop attributing the loss of this or that match to the decisions of umpires, and the American cricketers could not better begin a wholesome reform of many objectionable customs in cricket, than by following the example set them in this respect by the first-class base ball clubs of New York and Brooklyn. We have thus digressed a little in order to bring about a change in this matter, as it is about time that such change was made. During the second day's play—which we witnessed—though we saw one or two errors of judgment, perhaps, there was nothing on which a charge of partiality could be based, and we have no doubt the same was the case the day previous. The fact was, the boys were too anxious to win this match, and therefore did not see things in that impartial light they otherwise would have done. If the "veterans" would lose sight of the fact that they are playing a match in which English are pitted against Americans, and only remember that every match won by the boys advances the popularity of cricket in this country, they would perhaps make more allowances for their youthful adversaries, and not be quite so eager to win as they generally are. In the second innings of the Americans, they opened play in fine style, H. Newhall and Bayard especially distinguishing themselves at the bat, the former scoring 15, marked by three fine threes; and the latter 28, in which were two splendid fours, three threes, and four twos, the first wicket falling for 37, and the second for 72. Both these batsmen showed a masterly defence of their wickets, obtaining their scores by really good cricket. The former was prettily caught by Hudson off Andrews—whose bowling was decidedly the best of the match on the Willow side—Bayard being run out, George Newhall was next, and he added 16 to the score in good style—five twos, all good hits, marking his score. He was very nicely caught by Draper off his own bowling, the third wicket falling for 84. "Little Dan" followed Bayard, who was in the best part of two hours, Vernou taking George's place. For some time Dan kept up his wicket well, scoring five singles, one from a pretty cut, after which he was nicely caught at wicket by Higham. Vernou was in nearly an hour, obtaining the good score of 20 quite in his old style, a three and four twos being conspicuous; he retired from being caught by Andrews off his own bowling, he giving the field several catches which were not taken. These scores ended the double figures, Davis being the only other player to score an average score, he and Watson carrying their bats out when time was called at 4 P. M. Of the fielding in this innings, that of H. Gisborne was the best, he being very active and efficient throughout; Sleigh, also, attended to the long stopping well, only two balls getting by him; the remainder of the byes being charged to Sharp, who evidently was not in his usual trim. Draper bowled well throughout, taking 4 wickets for 25 runs. The following is the full score of the match:—

YOUNG AMERICA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
G. Newhall run out	16	c and b Draper	16
D. Newhall b Hudson	2	c Higham b Draper	5
C. Newhall c Sharp b Hudson	1	b Adams	4
Mellor run out	4	b Draper	0
H. Newhall l b w b Hudson	2	c Hudson b Adams	15
C. Vernou l b w b Adams	7	c and b Adams	20
Davis b Adams	13	not out	7
R. Wister c Hammond b Adams	4	b Draper	3
Watson b Hudson	4	not out	2
Johns b w b Adams	2	b Adams	1
Bayard not out	5	run out	28
Byes 6, leg bye 1, wides 2	9	Byes 16, leg byes 14, wides 3	33
Total	69	Total	134

WILLOW.

Hammond c Bayard b Johns	10	Sleigh b C. Newhall	1
Sharp b C. Newhall	0	Waters l b w b Vernou	0
"Adams" b Newhall	5	Whittaker c H. Newhall b Vernou	0
Higham run out	20		
Hudson b G. Newhall	18	Byes 3, l b 3, w 11, no ball 1	18
Draper b Johns	0		
Crossley not out	14	Total	89
H. Gisborne c Davis b Vernou	3		

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

WILLOW—First Innings.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
Crossley	36	11	5	0	0
Hudson	100	28	9	4	0
Andrews	64	19	6	4	2
Second Innings.					
Andrews	100	45	17	4	0
Hudson	28	16	3	0	0
Crossley	52	15	9	0	2
Draper	80	25	8	4	1

YOUNG AMERICA—First Innings.

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THE TURF.

The Horseman's Friend.---A Retired Veterinarian will send, on receipt of thirty cents (to defray advertising expenses), a Receipt for the treatment and cure of the following diseases of the Horse:—

FISTULA, OR POLE EVIL;
HOOF-BOUND, OR TENDER FEET;
HOOF EVIL, OR THRUSH;
STIFF SHOULDERS, OR SWEENEY;
FOUNDER IN THE FIRST STAGES;
BIG OR MILK LEG;
RINGBONE AND SPAVIN;
CORNS, &c., &c.

For this Receipt I will be obliged to charge $1, the same for which I have sold for $250 to men of the trade. For the first named sum—viz., thirty cents—I will send Receipts for making the following:—Blue Ointment, Black Ointment, Green Ointment, Hoof Ointment, Iodine Ointment, Johnson's Liniment, White Ointment, Eye Lotion, Physic Ball, Drops for Making Old Horses Young. Address, with postage stamp, DOCTOR W.,
26-21* Station F, New York Post Office.

Hoboken Course.---In consequence of the continued unfavorable weather, the
FALL RACES
on the above Course are further postponed until
THURSDAY AND FRIDAY,
October 6 and 7,
at which time the
GREAT RACES
heretofore announced will take place.
Special Trains on the Erie Railway, from the foot of Chambers street, at 11 and 12:15. Fare both ways, 81 cents, run to the Course and return after the Races.
Ample accommodations, including cushioned seats for ladies.
J. HARVEY LYONS, Secretary.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE HUDSON COUNTY FIRST FALL RACE MEETING,
AT THE HOBOKEN COURSE, N. J.

THE first race meeting of the Hudson County Agricultural Society was inaugurated on Tuesday, September 27th, on the newly constructed course of the Association, at Seacaucus. A twelvemonth has not elapsed since the project of establishing a race course in Hudson county, which should possess the advantage of being in immediate proximity to the great city of New York, and consequent easy of access to its vast population, was first mooted among a few of the leading influential residents of that county, who were interested in the improvement of the breed of horses, and were aware that this object could be most effectually attained by the cultivation of racing and a taste for the sports of the turf among the people. It was decided that the experiment should be tried, and the organization of a society for carrying out the enterprise in a practical form was the first step taken. An act of the Legislature of the state of New Jersey, of a comprehensive and liberal character, was obtained on the 4th of March last, incorporating the Society, the officers of which were as follows: President, Daniel McLeod, Esq.; Vice President, William W. Shippen, Esq.; Treasurer and Secretary, J. Hardey Lyons, Esq.; Executive Committee, Messrs. D. McLeod, John M. Francis, William W. Shippen, Denning Duer, and William M. Van Sickle. Their next step was to purchase a large tract of land at Seacaucus, on the New York and Paterson Road, only four miles from the Jersey City, Hoboken and Weehawken ferries, containing over six hundred and fifty acres, and bounded on one side by the Hackensack river, with the Erie railroad running through the property, and within a couple of hundred yards of the site of the proposed track. The ground was surveyed, the plans of the course laid out by the eminent engineer, Mr. W. Corwin, of Hoboken, and carried into immediate execution by Mr. William M. Francis, to whose untiring industry and energy the society is largely indebted for the rapid construction of the track. The course was enclosed with a strong picket fence, except on that side bounded by the river, a judges' and grand stand, eighty feet in length, was erected, extensive stabling sheds, etc., for horses, and a large and magnificent hotel sprung up as if by magic in immediate proximity to the course. The track itself was constructed on the most approved and scientific principles, and by an admirable arrangement of sluice gates, the tidal waters of the Hackensack could be allowed to flow up to the borders of the track, and by percolating the soil, keep it fine and elastic in the hottest and droughtiest weather. Experienced trainers and turfmen pronounced it to be the fastest track in America, without exception. Their first meeting was fixed for the last week in September, a fortnight after the Paterson meeting, and the purses and stakes filled well.

The opening day (Tuesday) was delightfully fine and favorable, the weather smiling auspiciously on the meeting. The Erie Railroad Company ran special trains from the Chambers Street ferry to the track, at the low fare of 31 cents there and return, and only occupying some ten or fifteen minutes in the trip. Although the attendance was not so numerous as we have been in the habit of witnessing at the Paterson or Saratoga meetings, yet it was both large and respectable. The residents of Hudson County seemed to take a special interest in the success of their new Course, and with the fairer portion of their families, attended in large numbers. For the ladies a portion of the stand was specially reserved, and the seats covered with cushions. Messrs. Radford and Johnson officiated as pool auctioneers, the popular and well-known Dr. Underwood being engaged at the Lexington races. The judges were Messrs. Valentine, Van Sickle and Godwin, and the timekeeper, Mr. Denis Reedy of Montreal.

The first race on the programme was for three-year olds, for a purse of $200, one-mile dash, $25 entrance, play or pay, the second horse to receive $75 and the third $25 of the entrance money. The following horses were entered: Dr. Weldon's b. f. Charlotte F.; F. Morris' gr. c. by imp. Eclipse and his b. f. by the same sire; D. Reedy's b. c. Dr. Underwood; A. C. Jennings' ch. c. Lexicon; J. P. Ackerman's ch. c. Eagle; and P. C. Bush's b. f. Lurline. Only three came to the post, Mr. Morris' two, and Eagle. Dr. Underwood had only just arrived from Canada a day or two previous, and was so much out of form that his trainer did not think it possible to start him. Lexicon was reserved for the three-mile heat race, in which he had to meet that redoubtable son of Balrownie and Rhoda, Fleetwing. The betting was $100 to $40 on Mr. Morris' entry, as Eagle had to carry a penalty of seven pounds for winning a race at Paterson, and Lurline was prevented from starting because she had subjected herself to a similar impost by winning at the same meeting. Eagle looked well, his clever trainer, Jacob Pincus, having got him into fine condition, but the weight he had to give the gray colt, a well-known fast one and in prime condition, made him far from sanguine on the result.

THE RACE.

Eagle jumped off with the lead when the drum was tapped, the bay filly second and the gray last. Before rounding the upper side of the course, the filly went up, and depriving Eagle of his lead, carried on the running, the gray laying a couple of lengths in the rear, and under a strong pull. Going along the back stretch, the gray took second place, and waited at the filly's quarters to the half-mile pole, which was passed in 53secs. Rounding the lower turn into the straight run in, the gray shot past the filly, and galloped home an easy winner by three lengths, the filly beating Eagle two lengths for second place. Time 1:48¾. Summary:

HOBOKEN COURSE, N. J., TUESDAY, SEPT. 27th.—Sweepstakes premium of $200, for three years old, one mile dash, $.5 entrance, p. p. $75 entrance money, to go to second horse, and $25 entrance money to go to third horse.

Mr. F. Morris' gr c by imp Eclipse, dam Sally Ward, Jr., by Glencoe 1
Mr. F. Morris' b f by imp Eclipse, dam Esta by Bolivar 2
Mr. J. P. Ackerman's ch c Eagle by Vandal, dam by imp Sovereign 3
Dr. J. W. Weldon's b f Charlotte F. by imp Scythian, dam Sally Polk ..... dr.
Mr. A. C. Jennings' ch c Lexicon by Lexington, dam by Glencoe ..... dr.
Col. P. C. Bush's b f Lurline by imp Knight of St. George, dam by Trustee ..... dr.
Time, 1:48¾.

The second race was the Ferry stakes of $600, given by the Hoboken Ferry Company, for horses of all ages; three mile heats, $50 entrance, play or pay, to which money the second horse was entitled. For this, Fleetwing, Lexicon and Patti were entered, but the latter not having recovered from her Paterson fatigues, was kept in the stable. Fleetwing, who carried 104lbs., and was ridden by Davy Clarke, was the favorite at $100 to $40 before the start. Lexicon carried 98lbs., and the fact that he had that clever jockey, Billy Burgoyne, in the saddle, caused many good judges to take the above mentioned odds. Fleetwing went rather sore in his preliminary gallops, as he was laboring under cracked hoofs; still his party were confident that he would be all right as soon as he got warmed up.

First Heat.—They went off together to a capital start, Fleetwing making the running with Lexicon three lengths behind at the quarter pole. On the back stretch, Lexicon closed the gap a little, but the leader let out an extra reef of speed, and again sailed away in front. As they passed the score on the first mile in 2:00, the favorite was leading three clear lengths, and beyond Lexicon closing a little, the second mile was run like the last; time, 3:52. The race now became deeply interesting, and every one watched with excitement the impending struggle on the last mile. Burgoyne patiently waited on Lexicon until they had fairly turned into the quarter stretch, when he came out about half way up, and made his effort, and a fine set-to ensued, but he never could fairly reach the favorite, who won a magnificently contested heat by a short half a length only; time, 5:45.

Second Heat.—Both horses cooled off well, Lexicon seemingly not feeling the effects of the first heat, and causing many to take the $100 to $15 bet on Fleetwing winning. A very even start was effected, Lexicon making play at a good pace for the first mile, which was run in 1:52, or eight seconds quicker than the first mile in the last heat. He led a clear length at the stand on the second mile in 3:47. At the last turn on the third mile, Lexicon went a little wide, and Clarke sent in his horse in the middle, challenged Lexicon, and after a fine race, Fleetwing won by three lengths in 5:42. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—The ferry stakes of $600, for all ages, three mile heats, entrance $50, play or pay, entrance money to go to second horse.

Colonel P. C. Bush's ch c Fleetwing, by imp Balrownie out of Rhoda, by imp Glencoe, 4 years 1 1
Mr. A. C. Jennings' ch c Lexicon, by Lexington, dam by imp Glencoe 2 2
Mr. D. Reedy's b f Patti, by imp Eclipse, 3 years ..... dr.

	FIRST HEAT.	2d Mile,	3d Mile,	SECOND HEAT.	2d Mile,	3d Mile,
	1st Mile, 2:00	1:52	3:47	1st Mile, 2:00	1:52	3:42

The third and concluding race of the day was for the Association Purse of $200, mile heats, for all ages. The starters were Mr. C. Lloyd's b. c. by the Slasher, dam by imp. Langford, 3 yrs, a fine racing-like colt, with whose good looks we were struck at Paterson; Col. Bush's b. c. Ben Bruce; Mr. J. Pincus' b. c. Velos; and Mr. T. Clark's ch. f., pedigree unknown. Ben Bruce was made the favorite against the field, selling in pools at the rate of $100 to the $20 of all the others combined, such a certainty did the race appear for him. Many parties who were aware of his inability to run a repeating race, quietly took those odds, relying on the Slasher colt to pull them through successfully.

First Heat.—Ben Bruce was the first off, with the Slasher at his quarters, Velos third, Clark's filly last. Rounding the upper side of the Course the favorite was a length and a half in front, Velos and the filly, even at this early period of the race, being completely overpaced, and before they had passed the half mile pole were in difficulties. On the third quarter the Slasher colt went up and challenged Ben Bruce, and cutting him down without an effort, won the heat by two lengths in 1:47¾, Velos and the filly being distanced.

Second Heat.—Slasher was now the favorite, and $100 to $20 was currently offered. They ran neck and neck to the quarter, soon after which Ben Bruce fell back beaten, and the Slasher colt, increasing his lead at every stride, won the heat and race by ten lengths in 1:51. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Premium of $200, for all ages, mile heats. Closed with the following entries:

M. C. Lloyd's b. c. by Slasher, dam by imp. Langford, 3 yrs 1
Mr. Thomas Clark's ch. f., pedigree unknown 2
Colonel C. P. Bush's b. c. Ben Bruce, by Lexington, dam by Alftorf, 4 years 3
Mr. J. Pincus' b. c. Velos, by Vandal, dam by imp. Sovereign, 5 years 4

Time—1:47¾; 1:51.

The second and third day's racing, owing to the unfavorable weather and the heavy state of the track on Thursday, the 29th Sept., was postponed until the following Monday and Tuesday, the 3d and 4th inst.

THE GREAT TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES RACE OF THE SEASON, ON THE FASHION COURSE, L. I.

LADY EMMA THE WINNER.

TIME—2:27¼; 2:26¼; 2:26¾.

On Wednesday, the 28th Sept., the second great trotting sweepstakes race of the fall season, came off on the Fashion Course, L. I. The race—which was for the Association Purse of $1,000, added to an inside stake of $250 each, making the prize for the winner the handsome sum of two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars—was to wagons, mile heats, best three in five, and had the same five horses entered for it as the purse and stake of a similar amount the week previous. These were, Mr. Simmons' brown Hambletonian stallion, Robert Fillingham; Mr. Genet's b. g., General Butler; Mr. Wm. Mead's ch. g., John Morgan; Mr. Beckwith's (of Hartford) b. g., Prince, and Mr. Petty's ch. m., Lady Emma, confessedly the five fastest horses now on the American trotting turf. Never, indeed, in the records of the trotting track, had a quintette of such renowned fast horses met together as those we have enumerated; and those who were fortunate enough to be present on the Fashion Course on the 21st and 28th of last month, can, with justice, boast of having witnessed two of the most memorable trotting contests of the present century. The Hambletonian stallion did not start for the first race, which was one of mile heats, in harness, owing to his having thrown a couple of splints, which induced his owner to withdraw him from the race, and announce him as about to be put to the stud. His trainer, finding that, after being let up in his customary work a short time, he could trot as fast as he had ever done in his career, induced his owner to start him again in Wednesday's race. The fact of his being a starter soon became known, and, in the pool-sales of Messrs. Armstrong and Somerindyke at Lafayette Hall—the great place of resort for trotting and racing men—on the night previous to the race, he was the acknowledged favorite, bringing nearly as much in the pools as all the rest combined—Lady Emma, Prince, Butler and Morgan ranking next in estimation, in the order named.

The weather on Wednesday, the day of the race, was favorable, although somewhat dull and cloudy, and the track was in excellent condition. The attendance was very large, fully eight thousand people being present, while the number of carriages in the enclosure was actually unprecedented. The Hambletonian stallion, with Sam McLaughlin holding the reins, was on the track, but after driving up and down the track several times, he was withdrawn on the plea of lameness. His retreat from the contest had the effect of making Lady Emma the favorite, and in one of the pool sales she brought $105; Prince, $100; Butler $65, and Morgan $28. She became a still better favorite after they had scored on the track, and her superb condition seen, and before the start, brought $1000 to the $850 of the others combined. She was much finer drawn than she was the week previous, and gave evidence of having done a good deal of work in the interim; indeed, her condition was perfect, and she looked and went beautifully. General Butler seemed dull and heavy; he could hardly strike his usual fine, easy gait, and he evidently requires rest after the heavy season's work he has passed through; John Lovett, as usual, was behind him. Prince looked and went well, and his driver, Dan Mace, seemed confident of repeating his previous week's victory, especially if the heats should be broken. John Morgan, who was driven by Horace Jones, had recovered from his lameness, but did not go in that sweeping, slashing style which characterised him in his matches against the little bay mare, the world-famed Flora Temple.

THE RACE.

First Heat.—After nearly a dozen fruitless attempts at scoring, they got the word. Lady Emma was the first around the upper turn, Butler being second, and Morgan last of all. At the quarter pole, which was passed in 36secs., the favorite was two lengths in front, with Prince, who had passed Butler when the latter went off his feet, next, and Morgan three behind. On the back stretch, Prince broke, but lost nothing by his running, and Lady Emma increased the gap to four lengths at the half-mile pole, which was passed in 1:13½; Butler being half a length behind Prince. The race was now virtually over, for the favorite came along by herself, and won in the easiest possible manner by three lengths in 2:27¼; both Prince—who was second—and Butler breaking on the home stretch, and thus enabling Morgan to beat the black gelding for second place.

Second Heat.—The pool betting will show how the horses ranked in public estimation after the last heat. Lady Emma brought $460; Prince $100; Butler $50; and Morgan $30. This heat is easily and briefly described. The favorite led from the start, with Prince second, and the black gelding, who was driven by Dan Pfifer, in place of Lovett, third. These positions were never altered, Lady Emma winning the heat by three lengths in 2:26¾, in very easy style. This was most extraordinary time, and within a second and a quarter of Flora Temple's unprecedented wagon time of 2:25.

Third Heat.—Betting $100 to $15, and in many instances $100 to $10 on Lady Emma. John Morgan with Prince close up, went off in advance, the favorite losing a length start, and Butler, as usual, breaking at the first turn, Lady Emma gradually passed Morgan and closing on Prince, who was leading the way, a beautiful contest resulted, Prince making a bush, but almost got to the superior speed of the chestnut mare. At the quarter pole, which was passed in 36¾secs., Lady Emma was a length in front, but on the back stretch, Prince made a brush, and almost got to the mare's head. Hiram roused her a little and she shook him off, and although he made repeated and desperate efforts to deprive her of the lead, he was never able to get his head in front, and the gallant chesnut mare won the heat and race by two open lengths, in 2:26¾; Prince being second, Morgan third, and Butler, who now pulled up, distanced. Summary:

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—Purse, $1,000, added to a sweepstake of $250 each, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

H Woodruff entered ch m Lady Emma 1 1 1
D Mace entered b g Prince 2 2 2
H F Jones entered ch g John Morgan 3 4 3
J Lovett entered blk g Gen Butler ..... 4 3 dist
S McLaughlin entered br s Robt Fillingham ..... dr
Time—2:27¼; 2:26¼; 2:26¾.

LEXINGTON (KY.) FALL MEETING.
EXTRA DAY.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Saturday, Sept. 24, 1864.

DEAR CLIPPER—The regular Fall Meeting over the Association Course, near this city, opened to-day, with the Citizens' Gift Purse, $150, entrance 10 per cent, the entrance to go to the second horse; free for all ages, mile heats. The entries were as follows:—

James Ford's b c California, 3 years old, by Charley Morehead, dam Rhoda, by imp. Glencoe.

John Harper's b f Sue Lewis, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Nebula, by imp. Glencoe.

R. A. Alexander's b f Mattie Gross, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam by imp. Yorkshire.

Sue Lewis was the favorite against the field, in some instances selling in pools at odds of three to two. The track was quite heavy from rain the night previous.

First Heat—California went away with the lead at the quarter pole. Sue Lewis went in front, and led home, winning the heat easily, Mattie second, California last. Time, 1:59.

Second Heat—Sue was now bet against the field at odds of 5 to 1. All cooled out well. California again got off in front. On reaching the quarter pole, Sue passed him as if standing still, winning the heat and race by forty yards, California second, Mattie third. Time, 2:04¾. Summary:—

John Harper's b f Sue Lewis, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Nebula, by imp. Glencoe 1 1
James Ford's b c California, 3 years old, by Charley Morehead, dam Rhoda, by imp. Glencoe 3 2
R. A. Alexander's b f Mattie, Gross, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam by imp. Yorkshire 2 3
Time—1:59; 2:04¾.

FIRST DAY—MONDAY, SEPT. 26TH.

The race on this, the first day of the regular fall meeting (Saturday being an extra day), was for the sweepstakes for three year olds, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit, and the Association purse of $200. The entries were as follows: James Ford's br c Grant, by Lexington, dam Amanda Morehead, by imp Glencoe; R. A. Alexander's b c Asteroid, by Lexington, dam Nebula, by imp Glencoe; his b f Nannie Butler, by Lexington, dam Tokay, by imp Yorkshire; and his b c Uiverston, by Lexington, dam Utilla, by imp Margrave; and J. Harper's gr c Loadstone, by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnets, by imp Hedgeford. Three came to the post—Asteroid, Loadstone, and Grant. Asteroid was the favorite, selling at $130; Grant, $45; Loadstone, $36—in fact, most of the betting was at 2 to 1 against the field. The result of the race fully justified the confidence of his backers.

First Heat.—As the tap of the drum Grant got away with the lead, Asteroid second. On rounding the turn, Loadstone passed Asteroid, went around the turn, and lapped on Grant. Before reaching the half mile pole (which was run in 51 seconds), Loadstone was in the lead. Asteroid now made play, passed to the front in a few strides, and came home easily by three lengths, Grant second. Time, 1:47¾.

Second Heat.—Asteroid was now the favorite at dollars to cents. He got off first. Around the first turn, Loadstone made play and passed the quarter pole in front; down the back stretch, Asteroid and Loadstone were locked, Asteroid passing the half mile pole half a length in front in 50½ seconds, coming home, winning the heat and race by 40 yards, Loadstone securing the second place by a length. Time, 1:47¾.

R. A. Alexander enters b c Asteroid, by Lexington, dam Nebula, by imp Glencoe 1 1
J. Harper enters gr c Loadstone, by Lexington, dam Blue Bonnets, by imp Hedgeford 3 2
James Ford enters br c Grant, by Lexington, dam Amanda Morehead, by imp Glencoe 2 3
Time—1:47¾; 1:47¾.

SECOND DAY—TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27TH.

The race on the second day was for the Association Purse of $600, three mile heats, for which Mr. A. Alexander's b c Beacon, 8 years, and Mr. John Harper's ch c Eynodine, 5 years, were entered. The latter was the favorite at 3 to 1 on opening the entry box, which odds gradually fell to 2 to 1, and finally 3 to 2, before the start. The trainer of Eynodine, in his usual insinuating way, alleging that he was coughing, and that he was sprung in the left fore leg; that Dr. Dixon, of New York, had so stated. He, however, boasted after the first heat that the horse was pricked at St. Louis, and he knew the fact. So much for true honesty.

First Heat—At the signal Beacon went away with the lead, neither appearing anxious to force the pace; the first half mile was run in 58 seconds, the mile in 1:55, Beacon leading by some two lengths. There was now a marked improvement in the pace, the colt leading through the second mile a length in front; the mile being run in 1:45; the two miles in 3:40. At the first quarter pole in the third mile Beacon gave up the contest, Eynodine passing him easily, and coming home in strong gallop in 5:39, the last mile being run in 1:59.

Second Heat—The horses did not appear much distressed from the first heat. $200 to $15 were offered on the magnificent son of Ann Watson, but no takers. The tap of the drum showed Eynodine in the lead, which he maintained throughout the heat, running the first mile in 1:56, second in 1:57; two miles in 3:53; heat in 5:49, coming home in a common canter.

This exhibition of four heats in succession was never witnessed in America, which the writer positively thinks, if the three year old son of the justly renowned Lexington could have forced Eynodine home at the gait he had the ability to go, would have been run very low down in the twenties. We congratulate Mr. P. McGrath, Esq., who is a liberal, high toned sportsmen, at his success, and truly hope that he may meet with the success in the stud which the finished pedigree of his high mettled racer and splendidly shaped horse should command. The time of the second mile of the first heat was, made by several persons, 1:44. Summary:—

John Harper enters ch c Eynodine, 5 years old, by Wagner, dam Ann Watson, by imp. Glencoe 1 1
R. A. Alexander enters b c Beacon, 3 years old, by Lexington, dam Bay Leaf, by imp. Yorkshire 2 2
Time—5:39; 5:49.

THIRD DAY.

The first race was one of two mile heats, for a purse of $500, for which there was but one entry, Sue Lewis, who galloped over the course and was awarded the purse.

The second race was a sweepstakes for two year olds, for a purse of $100; $100 entrance, half forfeit. There were four nominations, but only two, Mr. Alexander's b f Maiden, and Mr. Harper's b f by Lexington, came to the post. Maiden was the favorite at slight odds, the friends of Harper's filly backing her very freely, and large sums changed hands on the result. The track was very muddy and slippery.

THE RACE.

At the signal, Maiden got off with a lead of half a length, but at the quarter pole Harper's filly made play, and before reaching the half mile, had taken the track. Around the turn Maiden made a desperate struggle, and for a moment looked like passing, but the filly shook her off, coming home a gallant winner by a length in 1:58¾—most excellent time, considering the state of the track. Summary:—

LEXINGTON, Wednesday, September 28, 1864.—Purse $500, for all ages, two mile heats.

John Harper's b f Sue Lewis, 4 years, by Lexington, dam Nebula ..... w o

SAME DAY.—Sweepstake $100 each, $50 forfeit, with $100 added, dash of one mile, for two year olds.

John Harper's b f by Lexington, dam Nantura, by Browner's Eclipse 1
R. A. Alexander's b f Maiden, by Lexington, dam Kitty Clark, by imp Glencoe 2
J. M. Clay's b c Revolver, by Revenue, dam Balloon, by imp Yorkshire ..... pd ft
J. M. Clay's b c Norwich, by Lexington, dam Novice, by imp Glencoe ..... pd ft
Time—1:58¼.

FOURTH DAY.

The weather continued very wet and unfavorable, rendering the track muddy and deep. The event of the day was a mile heat race for a purse of $400, for which Mr. James Ford's br. c. Grant, by Lexington, dam Amanda Morehead, by Glencoe, and Mr. John Harper's b. f. Sue Lewis, 4 years, by Lexington, were entered. Sue Lewis was the favorite, at odds of 5 to 1. The attendance was small, the weather very wet, and the track muddy and deep.

First Heat.—Grant was off in front at the signal; passed the half mile pole in 58 seconds, maintaining the lead to the close. Time, 1:59¼. Sue was still the favorite, at odds of 4 to 3, which was taken freely. Both cooled out well, and came up for the

Second Heat.—Grant again got off with the lead; the mare pressed him hard to the half mile pole, which they passed in 56 seconds, Grant again winning handily by three lengths. Time, 2:02¼.

Third Heat.—Grant was now the favorite, at odds of 10 to 1, with few takers. Grant again got away with the lead, passing the half mile pole in 59 seconds, winning the heat and race in 2:06. Summary:—

James Ford's br c Grant, by Lexington, dam Amanda Morehead, by imp Glencoe 1 1 1
John Harper's b f Sue Lewis, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Nebula, by imp Glencoe 2 2 2
Time, 1:59¼; 2:02¼; 2:06.

FIFTH DAY.
(BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.)

LEXINGTON, Ky., Sept. 30, 1864.

The first race was a sweepstakes, two mile heats, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit: closed with six entries, but only two started. Alexander's bay colt Asteroid won in two straight heats, beating Harper's bay filly Easter. Time, 4:06; 4:06¾.

The second race, mile heats, for saddle horses, purse $150, $15 entrance to go to the second horse; closed with six entries, and five started. The bay colt Burbridge won in two straight heats, beating Harry Lloyd, Lucy Dudley, George and Wild Irishman. Time, 2:02; 2:10. Track very heavy.

SIXTH AND LAST DAY OF THE ASSOCIATION COURSE RACES.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Oct. 1, 1864.

The first race was for a thousand dollars, four mile heats. In this race Rynodine walked over.

The second race was for a purse of one hundred and fifty dollars, for saddle horses, mile heats. Mike Walsh's bay colt John Hallan won the race in two straight heats, beating Harry Lloyd, Ward's chestnut filly and Walford. Time—first heat, 2:06½; second heat, 2:04¾.

The track was very heavy and muddy. The meeting was a great success, considering the disagreeable weather after the second day.

THE RING.

Notice.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS, CORRESPONDENCE, etc., intended for this or any other department of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE KERRIGAN AND TURNER MATCH.
GOING TO THE FIGHT.

TURNER OVER-WEIGHT, AND A FORFEIT IN CONSEQUENCE.
ROUGH SCENES AMONG THE ROUGHS.

SOME months ago, the friends of Jack Turner in Boston were anxious to give him a chance in the P. R. for a good stake, and after some delay, a match was made between him and Jim Kerrigan, of New York, $500 a side being at once deposited. The money on account of both men was regularly received and acknowledged, according to the articles, which specified that the fight should take place on the 27th of September, with $1000 a side as the battle money. Kerrigan went into training at Sheep's Head Bay, under the care of Ben Winkle, who is a well known and very efficient trainer. Jim Kerrigan is a brother of Dan Kerrigan, who defeated Australian Kelly some years since. Dan has long retired from the P. R., and has been laboring under ailments which have left him but the wreck of what he once was. Jim was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1841, and is now twenty-one years of age. He has followed the sea for some years, and has always been esteemed a peaceable and well disposed young fellow. When ashore, he has been a constant attendant and exhibitor at the benefits of every pugilist who took an exhibition, being always among the first to give his services for the assistance of others. In these mimic and sometimes not very soft encounters, he has displayed most effective and dangerous hitting powers, and a total fearlessness of the hitting of the biggest and most efficient sparrers. His fearlessness in glove encounters led to his acquiring the *soubriquet* of the "Tom Sayers of America." He has lately entered into business with a partner, Darby Kelly, at 45 Oak street, in a sailor's boarding house and tavern.

Jack Turner is a native of London, and is about twenty-six years of age. He has been in America about seven years, and has had two prize fights since his arrival on this continent. His first was with Andy Gidlow, in August, 1860; it was a prolonged and determined fight, lasting some two hours, when they were both beaten so bad that they had to be withdrawn, neither being able to stand. His next encounter was in New Brunswick, where he fought Geary, on the 21st of November, 1861, when he won an easy victory in 7 rounds, the fight only lasting 9 min. He was in New Orleans at the breaking out of the present war, and was pressed into the Confederate service, and served with Mosby in many of his most dashing raids against the North. In one of these forays he was cleft from the nape of the neck to near the elbow, which now shows a most terrific scar. He is considered in Boston, as well as in New York, a most effective fighter, and a very hard customer for a man many pounds heavier to contend with; as a sparrer, he does not especially shine, except as a very heavy hitter. He has been training for his match with Kerrigan in the vicinity of Boston.

As the day of fighting approached many statements relative to both the men's care of themselves, as regards the strict rules of training, were afloat, particularly in Turner's case. Notwithstanding this, the backers of both men regularly put up the requisite deposits, and all went apparently as well as could be, at least to those who only know of such things through the press and by common report. The day approaching still nearer, the floating rumors assumed a more tangible and forcible shape and character. Turner, it was said, was careless, neglecting his duty in the most reckless and determined manner, that he was ungovernable in his temper and appetite, and was so uncontrollable that no man would stay with him to attend to his necessities. Notwithstanding all this, many continued to pin their faith to the skirts of Turner, whilst others, once Turner's most hearty friends, went back upon him in the most indignant manner, and instead of remonstrating with him, charging him with all that his enemies chose to circulate regarding him. His denials were of no avail, and at length the man became careless of his condition and training. He has been five and six days without an attendant of any kind, and was thus left to choose his own way of living and training, and could either work or suit his appetite as he chose. There can be no doubt he indulged in drinking spirituous liquors to excess. This he admits, but says it was only on one or two occasions. The balance of the charges made against him he denies. He says that had his backers sent him proper parties to attend to him he would have attended to them, but they left him to himself and strangers, and did not supply him with what was necessary. He had nothing in the shape of good Scotch or other bottled ale, or bottled porter. What he had of those necessaries were supplied by strangers. That one of his backers insisted upon his running five or six miles behind a horse and buggy which he drove, and in doing so he strained his foot, which had become so bad within the past few days that he could take no exercise, and thus was unable to come to his weight. He certainly has a very bad foot, the skin having broken, his stocking has been allowed to fasten to it, and it is now in a very inflamed condition, and he is scarcely able to walk. All this was not known in New York, and the passing rumors were but little heeded; the money being regularly posted by his backers was a pretty good assurance that they, at least, had confidence in him.

On arriving in Boston, on Sunday morning last, our reporter first got the full benefit of what had been going on there, and Turner's conduct was represented in the very worst light, as above related, yet they still had confidence in his ability to win, if he was not overweight, and entered the ring. But little betting was going on, and that in favor of Kerrigan. The Boston folks were rather shy, but said they would take all the New York money at the ring side.

The place of fighting was chosen by the backers of Turner, and they named Island Pond, a station on the Grand Trunk Railroad, 149 miles beyond Portland, Me., in the State of Vermont. Monday morning at 7:30 was the time for starting, and the Boston & Portland station at Boston was crowded with New Yorkers and Bostonians who wished to witness the contest, and a motley crowd of sight lovers and friends filled up the station. The train being filled by passengers, and the hour having arrived, off the cars started. The quiet folks of Massachusetts, who were bent on business or pleasure on board the train, were not a little astonished at the conduct and language of the motley crowd intermixed with them. Everything was tolerably within bounds until Portland was reached, and we took the Grand Trunk. This was accomplished about 2 P. M.

Island Pond is 149 miles beyond Portland, and about 14 miles from the Canada border. The conductor informed us that we should reach our destination about 8 or 9 o'clock. Some took this pleasant enlightenment with amiable philosophy, while others expressed their dissatisfaction in anything but puritanic language. On the route there are some 40 stations, at each of which more or less time was delayed. The boys were pretty well behaved for the first hour or two, and five or six minutes delay did not excite them very much, but at length our stops were prolonged to 10 and 15 minutes, when the thirsty and curious began to get out and indulge each in their way, and the nervous and impatient to swear. This continued to increase, and an unfortunate tavern-keeper, who chanced to have a good supply of edibles for the accommodation of the Grand Trunk travelers, was the first to suffer, what but few escaped on the return. From this spot the Boston roughs commenced a regular system of spoliation and thieving. But little was done in the way of pocket-picking on the up trip, but the rascals made up for it on the return.

At about 11 o'clock P. M., Island Pond was reached after one of the most weary railroad journeys that was ever experienced. One man offered to bet the conductor drinks for the whole train that he could harness two old goats to a small wagon and beat him the entire distance. We found two good hotels here, especially the "Island Pond Hotel," kept by O. G. Waterhouse. A rush was immediately made for the supper table, which was laid ready for the arrival of the train, and some tall eating was done.

Turner was stopping at this house, and Kerrigan patronized the other, which stood a few yards off. On visiting Turner, he said he intended to fight, although he was lame, and not in tip-top condition. We did not ask him many questions—it was unnecessary—there was evidently something wrong. He did not appear at his ease, and was impatient to be rid of his many visitors. We found Kerrigan at the other hotel, buttoned up in a large overcoat, and looking everything that could be desired. He was in the large room with the numerous guests, as unconcerned as any of them. He said he was well as need be, and fit for anything.

The weighing was to take place between 4:30 and 6 o'clock A. M., the next morning. The arrangements for weighing were under the management of Kit Burns, and about 5 o'clock, Kerrigan stripped, and pulled down the beam at 198 pounds, looking as well and big as need be.

It was now Turner's turn to turn the scale. He stripped and went in to the scale, and the beam told the unpleasant tale of 132½ lbs, just 2½ lbs. over weight, which, according to the articles, lost him the match. All was now over, and Kerrigan had won a bloodless victory, and without a blow.

Turner and his backer signed an order on the stakeholder for the money to be given to Kerrigan, and all preliminaries were finished. The sum of $08 was gathered for Turner, and presented to him. Between $50 and $60 were collected on the train for him.

Nothing now remained for the disappointed ones but to eat the splendid breakfast prepared for them up stairs, and chew the bitter cud of discontent afterwards.

The cars are supposed to start at 6:30 A. M. from Island Pond, but the Montreal train did not arrive many minutes before 7. Now the "knucks," or pick pockets, first commenced their regular and systematic avocations. No sooner had the passengers disembarked than they made a rush, and many will remember their obtrusive friends who met them at Island Pond on the 27th of September, 1864.

At 7 o'clock all were aboard the return train, which at length started on its slow and weary journey. We progressed pretty well until we had got over about forty miles, when the hind wheel of the tender broke close off, as though it had been severed from the axle by a sharp knife. This caused some delay. The whole of the passengers disembarked—that is, the pugilistic gents—and a grocery was quickly found. Crackers, red herrings, cheese, salt fish, nuts, fine crackers, ale, whiskey, every thing was in request that could be either bought or stolen. Every thing was taken in good part by the poor proprietor. A freight train now coming up, our cars were attached to it. By some means the knucks had cozened the grocery man on board the cars, and about a dozen surrounded him, and tried all in their power to "go through" him, but he held fast on to his pockets, and at length reached the platform laughing, and observed to a friend still holding on to his precious pocket—"They nearly had it!"

Soon after starting from this place (West Milan), a vender of whiskey (one of the passengers) made his appearance with a glass pickle jar full of the stuff. The jar had been stolen full of pickles, and the pickles devoured. A bucket full of whiskey had been stolen, the pickle jar filled, and the vender went into business. Previous to this about a bushel of apples had been procured, and they were discharged in every direction round the car, for more than thirty minutes. Escape from the car was impossible, as no sooner did a man raise his head than a score of the cider-producing missiles were aimed at it. After about half an hour of this work, the apples were reduced to fragments, and bark from fences, and a log of wood, three feet long, were pitched into the car; your reporter received the corner of an empty cigar box under his left eye, which drew a little blood, and was of no consequence, being glad to escape so lightly.

The whiskey vender did not do much business except among a certain few, and began to consume his own stock in trade. It soon began to work, and before long he was a perfect maniac. He drew off his right boot, discharged it at a man opposite to him, and it went out of the open window. He now seized the conductor's bell rope, and before any one could prevent him, fairly swung his body in it. He next made for a passenger, threw his hat out of the window, and his own speedily followed, and ultimately his coat. This went on

NEPTUNE;

OR,

MY CHUM'S SECRETARY.

A Tale of the Sea.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NEPTUNE is a good name for a sailor's dog. So thought my chum, Harry Brail, when, upon his return to his native shores, after a short voyage in the "Arrow," he learned that a large wolf-like hound, bearing the appellation alluded to, had been bequeathed to him by his uncle, who had died during his absence.

As he had undertaken his sea-trip in direct opposition to the wishes of his relative, the latter had avenged himself by erasing the name of his nephew from his will, and by leaving the whole of his property, with the exception of Neptune, to a certain deacon with a blue nose, who loved to sing psalms and to drink brandy punch.

It is hardly necessary to state that the former *friends* of the young sailor now treated him very coldly, every one of them, with the exception of Neptune. This great, noble fellow always greeted his master with a friendly hug, was ever ready to follow him wherever he chose to go, and was the happiest creature in existence when he was allowed to lay his head upon the young seaman's knee, and to caress his hand. But then this creature was a *dog*, and Harry's other *friends* were *only* men.

"Neptune!" said my chum, addressing the animal as he lay at his feet in their little garret, on the twenty-fifth morning after his return, "Neptune, I have no money to buy you any more bones, so we must go to sea."

Do dogs ever weep? Tears were certainly in the eyes of Neptune, as he looked up at his master with a shake of the head and a mournful moan.

"Why, how is this, my dog? Would you not like to go to sea?"

Another shake of the head, another moan.

"Well, then, if you do not wish to go with me, I shall be obliged to leave you behind."

At these words, the dog rose upon his hind legs, placed his fore paws upon Harry's knee, looked at him earnestly and reproachfully for a few moments, and then laid his head upon his bosom.

"All right, my friend," said Brail, patting the creature upon the head; "I did not mean what I said; I would not leave you behind for the world."

So Neptune and his owner set out at once for the nearest sea-port town, which they reached in a short time. They entered a shipping office, and a stout, bluff-looking old sea captain came forward at once, and seized our hero by the button of his jacket.

"I am your man," said he. "Captain Bunker, of the bark 'Witchcraft.' We sail this afternoon. I would like another hand."

"Aye, aye, it's all right," answered Brail, "provided you have no objection to a passenger," pointing towards the dog as he spoke.

"We'll take him in," replied the Skipper, "if it's only to trouble Creesh. Creesh is our doctor, d'ye see, and he has a great antipathy to dogs. This, then, will be a good way to pay him off for the pills that he gave me a week ago, and from the 'delirious' effects of which I haven't recovered yet, shiver me if I have!"

The young sailor looked towards Neptune, and encountered his great eyes beaming with an expression of intelligence that seemed almost human. The creature shook its head and moaned. On the present occasion, Brail paid no attention to these manifestations. He signed the necessary articles, and soon found himself, with his dog, on board of the "Witchcraft," which was nearly ready to sail.

Neptune was well received by the seamen, but the doctor—a little yellow man, with spiteful black eyes and white lips—frowned upon seeing the animal, and drew the Skipper aside. Harry was glad to perceive, however, that the Captain would not allow Creesh to prejudice him against the dog.

Very soon the anchor was at the bows, and the topsails and topgallant sails filled in the breeze, and sent the gallant little vessel bowling along at a great rate in the direction of the open sea. At eight bells in the night watch, Brail seated himself upon the bow with his dog, for the purpose of keeping a look-out, while his shipmates slept upon the deck; but he had not occupied his position very long, when a sharp axe, hurled by some unseen arm, came whizzing through the air and struck the knightheads with great force, causing the sharp edge of the instrument to knock a chip from the wood work in close proximity to the body of Neptune. The hound uttered a short, sharp growl, and almost with one bound cleared the space between the bow and the foremast. Then Brail heard a cry of pain, and beheld his dog upon the prostrate body of the doctor, who had evidently hidden behind the mast. He darted to the spot, and with one word brought the animal to his side. Creesh then rose to his feet, and grasping a handspike, would have struck Neptune upon the head with it, if Harry had not seized his arm.

"Hold!" he cried. "If you are the person who threw the axe, you——"

"Yes, I *did throw it*," answered the doctor, fiercely, "and I wish it had cloven his head, as I had intended it should do. However, I will break his skull as it is. Let me go!" he hissed through his teeth, and at the same moment he lifted his foot for the purpose of dealing the young man a furious kick. Before he could do so, however, Brail gave him a blow which knocked him into the lee scuppers.

"I'll be revenged for this!" muttered Creesh, as his yellow face became livid with passion—"yes, yes, I shall have a terrible revenge!" And with these words, he arose and moved away in the direction of the cabin.

"Look out for him!" said an old tar, addressing our hero. "He is a perfect devil!"

"Aye, aye," answered Brail, "I shall keep my eye upon him, you may depend upon that."

At that moment the ship's bell was heard to strike, and the old tar moved to the scuttle to call the starboard watch. They made their appearance soon afterwards, and in a short time Harry was sound asleep in his bunk, while Neptune occupied a chest not far from his master.

When the latter awoke it was daylight, and the call for his watch was ringing down the scuttle. He dressed himself, and made his appearance on deck with his shipmates just in time to hear the cheery voice of Captain Bunker from the quarter-deck.

"All hands lay aft here for grog!"

The men were not slow in obeying the summons, but when it was Brail's turn to receive his allowance, the hand of Creesh was suddenly thrust over the Captain's shoulder.

"Beg pardon, sir; I haven't had mine yet. The cabin is always served first, you know."

"Aye, aye, it can't make much difference," growled Bunker; "here you are!" and he surrendered the glass as he spoke.

The bulky person of the Skipper screened the lean figure of the doctor from the view of the seamen, but his bony hand presently re-appeared over the other's shoulder as he returned the glass.

"Well, blast me if he hasn't left a little," muttered the old fellow, as he raised the tumbler and proceeded to pour Brail's allowance into it.

"Will you have any more?" he inquired, after Harry had emptied the glass.

"No, thank you."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the jolly Skipper. "Who ever heard of a tar's refusing good liquor?"

"It's my rule," answered our hero, "to never drink more than a quarter of a glass at a time."

"All right; we won't force you. Step up here, the next man."

Harry then went forward and seated himself upon the fore-hatch, where he was soon joined by Neptune. While he was caressing the dog, he heard the voice of the mate at his elbow.

"Brail, I wan't you to set up a few new ratlins in the shrouds."

"Aye, aye, sir!" and the young tar sprang to his feet.

"A thousand curses!" muttered a voice behind him. "Salt water—an antidote!"

He turned and beheld Creesh, who, as soon as he perceived that he had been overheard, moved off towards the cabin. Wondering what the doctor could have meant, Brail sprang into the fore-rigging, and was soon busily at work. Neptune sat upon the deck beneath him, looking up and watching his master, apparently with as much interest as was evinced by the mate. The latter was much pleased with Harry's skilful manner of handling the marlinspike. He rubbed his hands with the satisfaction that a sea-officer always feels in having secured a good man, and seemed disposed to converse.

"Why," said he, at length, pointing towards a leather collar of curious formation that encircled the neck of the dog, "why do you make the animal wear that? It seems to me that he'd feel more easy without it."

"Sure enough," replied Brail. "It must have been my uncle who cramped the dog's neck in that way, though why he did so I can't imagine. Now you have reminded me of it, I shall remove the collar when I have time, and——"

He suddenly paused. A deadly faintness came over him. Everything seemed to whirl around before his sight. He lost his hold of the shrouds, and fell headlong into the sea!

"Man overboard! Down with that wheel! Back the main-topsail! Clear away the quarter-boat!" thundered the mate, in a voice that rang through every corner of the ship. At the same moment a loud splash was heard in the water, as Neptune sprang after his master.

The same deadly faintness which had deprived the young man of his strength while in the shrouds, now prevented him from making any exertion to save himself. He sank beneath the surface of the sea, and the salt water, rushing into his mouth, threatened him with suffocation. Suddenly, however, the sharp teeth of Neptune were fastened in his jacket. The noble beast drew him to the surface, and held him there until the arrival of the boat. Harry Brail remained unconscious for ten minutes after he had been brought aboard and carried into the forecastle, and when he opened his eyes, the first object that they encountered was the yellow face of Creesh. The latter drew a small phial from his pocket, and pouring some of its contents into a glass, offered it to the young tar; but the fist of one of the sailors interposed, and dashed the tumbler to the deck.

"You would poison him again!" said this man.

"Poison!" cried the doctor, his yellow face turning livid.

"Poison?" cried the mate.

"Poison?" echoed the rest of the crew.

"Aye, aye," continued the sailor. "You see, mates, I was aloft in the mizzentop when Brail stepped up to receive his allowance of grog. You all know that the doctor interposed to get his share first, but you did not see what I saw; you did not see him, after he had drank the liquor, take that phial"—pointing to the one in the doctor's hand—"and pour some of its contents into the glass from which Brail was to drink the next moment. I saw it all, but I didn't suspect that he meant any harm—thought that he was only going to play off a little joke. But when I saw Harry clap his hand to his head, shortly afterwards, while he was at work in the fore-shrouds, and then tumble into the sea, thinks I to myself, 'Now I remember, one of the hands told me that Brail had a dispute with Creesh last night, and I shouldn't wonder if the cursed shark had poisoned him out of revenge!'"

"No—no!" stammered the doctor; "it's only a little brandy I——"

"Brandy, eh?" interrupted the Skipper. "Then let us see you drink of it yourself."

"Aye, aye, we will force him to drink it!" cried the mate.

"Never!" exclaimed the doctor, making a motion to throw the phial to the deck. But the Captain snatched it from his hand.

"Here, steward," said he, presenting the phial to one of the group, "you are something of a chemist; take this into the cabin and examine it."

The steward obeyed, and returned in a short time with the information that the phial contained a strong poison, the only antidote to which was salts.

"Brail is safe, then!" exclaimed the mate.

"Aye, aye," cried the young tar, "and I think I owe my life to Neptune as much as to the salt water. He shall no longer be troubled with that tight collar," he added, as he severed it with one blow of his sheath-knife. He then perceived that it was hollow, and that it contained a small roll of paper. Upon examining the latter, he was surprised to perceive that it was a check in his favor upon a New York bank for fifty thousand dollars. Upon the back of it were these words, traced in the well known hand of his uncle: "I leave you this, my dear boy, and hope you will give up the sea at once."

Harry's feelings can be imagined. His shipmates were overjoyed at his good fortune, while the face of Dr. Creesh fairly turned green with envy, as he was led off in the direction of the run, with irons upon his wrists.

In the course of time, the ship arrived at her port, which was San Carlos. Here Harry procured his discharge, and secured a passage in a vessel which was nearly ready to start for New York. Before she sailed, he learned that Creesh had been shot dead while attempting to escape from the calaboose in which he had been confined.

I have only to add that my chum is now comfortably settled in this city, and that Neptune has a sweet young mistress as well as a master.

BRIEF REMINISCENCE

OF

THE CIRCUS IN DAYS OF YORE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY AN OLD RETIRED PROFESSIONAL.

THE OLD RICHMOND HILL.

THE old Richmond Hill Circus, at the corner of Charlton and Varick streets, was an institution in its day, and one well stocked with many valuable reminiscences of "Revolutionary Times." When this venerable spot was first arranged for a circus of the olden time, it stood on a high hill over-looking the noble Hudson, and also the grim walls of the old State Prison on the bank of the river near by. The hill and the prison were in the village of Greenwich, outside of the city of New York. Canal street was only a country ditch, and was highly ornamented with various foot bridges, over which passengers crossed when they visited Greenwich Village.

In the year 1818, the first show was opened on the hill; the venerable old mansion stood in front of the "show shop." The old homestead was fitted up as a country resort. The equestrians who appeared at or about that period, have mostly all passed away to the home of the "Capulets" many years ago. The only living Yorick of that by-gone time you introduced to the readers of the CLIPPER through the medium of a most excellent wood cut portrait a few weeks since; I refer to James W. Bancker. May his venerable "phiz." never grow less; the picture is Uncle Jim all over.

J. W. B. made his *debut* on this hallowed spot. Richmond Hill House was the resort of many well known actors of the Revolution. In 1742, Mr. Prime occupied the residence on Richmond Hill. It was also at one time the resident of Sir Guy Carlton; Lord Dorchester dwelt in the old Manor House, and it was also occupied by Aaron Burr.

[illegible], NO. 32M Pearl street, resembled the old homestead on Richmond Hill. The old Walton House is also full of rich historical items of the past. It was on the roof of this house that General Washington and a few select friends assembled on one memorable night to witness the destruction of the British fleet by a Yankee torpedo. It was a failure, in a manner, yet Mr. Bull thought "Satan in harness" was at the bottom of the river; for he wisely cut his cables, and put outside of the Hook instanter, "cursing the Yanks" just as he does at this latter day.

James W. Bancker, of whom I have spoken, performed on the hill when quite an urchin. Uncle Jim is a true descendant of the early Knickerbockers. His name can be traced from Dedrick Bancker; the Verryvongers; Von der Schniders, and the Von Speiglers; all of them as old and genuine stock of Manhattan Island as ever crounched "Zult Hookies en Pretzes," Kovl Slaa Kront or Sturgeon Snout; little did friend Jim's venerable ancestry dream of their descendant standing pre-eminent as one of the most accomplished circus performers of his day, which was a fact.

Jimmy, as his friends called him, was from his earliest boyhood fond of the drum, of which he was a complete master at the early age of eight years. His wonderful activity introduced him to the saw dust. Mr. Bancker was a most excellent rider, vaulter, tumbler and clown. As clown he was A No. 1. In fact, Bancker and Bill Gates (late comedian at the Old Bowery under Hamblin) were the clowns of that time; the laurels were divided; Bancker, however, was the performer as well as the vampo. As a cross-vaulter, friend Jim excelled all competition; this style of vaulting has become obsolete; backward somersaults were not much in vogue at that day, the cross-vaulting consisting of varied and difficult leaps, forward somersaults, etc., in which Mr. B. stood at the top of the list, having thrown thirty successive forward somersaults (in circus parlance known as *jerk* forwards.) He was a circus manager for a number of years. He was also in the employ of the late Rufus Welch, as assistant manager, both in the United States and Europe. He has retired from show life "as pliant and venerable as the ancient willow that droops o'er the brook," and is now keeping a saloon in Philadelphia, on Walnut street, near Eighth. I forgot to mention that Mr. Bancker's uncle was Abraham Bancker, a celebrated spy for General Washington. He worked and flourished with Harvey Birch, and met the General often at the Manor House. His father was an officer in the American army during the Revolutionary War.

In 1830 a theatre was opened at Richmond Hill, and in 1832 Mrs. Barnes opened there an amphitheatre. The ring was on the stage. "J. W. Bancker's Equestrians" appeared. It was opened in 1833, by Old Nate Howes, as a circus and theatre. The equestrians engaged at the opening were R. Sands, J. Peterman, A. Sands, John Vail, W. Stone, J. Prosser, M. Degarmo, ring master, John Stickney; clowns, Arch. Madden, and George Stone. They are all dead but the last named. The actors were George Hyatt, P. Boddy, Tom Flynn, C. Thorne, A. Fenno, Graham, Wray and Frank Fremont, brother to General Fremont; Mesdames Walstein, Warring, Wray, etc. Several other companies experimented on the site of the Old Richmond Hill, off and on, until the year 1844, when it gave up its venerable ghost in the show line.

NOTE.—Watson's Annals says:—"The name of Greenwich street was known to the Knickerbockers as Shawbackanicral (Indian name). In 1787 the seine was drawn on the beach where now runs Greenwich street, from Beaver street to the Battery. Many herrings and other fish were caught. That a street would be there never entered the minds of the early Knickerbockers. A large rock stood out in the middle of the present Greenwich street, then in the water, on which stood a rude summer house."

Some historians have asserted that a plot to take the life of Washington was concocted in the Old Richmond Hill Mansion. The General was often a guest at this house, but the plot, of course, failed.

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

J. C. MYERS.

THIS gentleman, a well-known Eastern manager and tragedian, was born in Hamburg, Germany, in 1801. Came to this country in 1830, and settled in New York. Made his first appearance with an amateur association as Claude Darnaud, in the "Seven Clerks," in New York. He then emigrated to Boston, and appeared at the "Old Flagg-alley Theatre," as Zanga, in "Revenge," and Little Pickle, in the "Spoiled Child." In 1857, in company with J. P. Addams, the eccentric Yankee comedian, he visited California, where he made a "hit," pocketing a goodly quantity of gold, and making for himself a wide-spread reputation. In 1860 he established a traveling company, called the Myers, Pratt & Boniface Combination, and appeared in all the leading cities of the East with much success. Mr. Myers shared the leading budiness with Charley Boniface. In 1862 he had as many as nine traveling companies, all in actual operation at the same time, thus proving his indomitable energy of character. The past season he has played a company with much success through all the principal towns and cities of New England. At Portland, Me., Providence, R. I., Worcester and Lowell, Mass., he did a splendid business. At present he is at the Toronto (C. W.) Lyceum, with a company. In person Mr. Myers strongly resembles Edwin Forrest, both on and off the stage. Many successful aspirants, now on the high road to dramatic fame, owe their first advance in the art to this gentleman's assistance. Although growing gradually into the "sere and yellow leaf" of life, Mr. Myers treads the stage, it is said, with ease, grace and dignity, and in such characters as Paul Lafont, Michael Erle, One-eyed Saul (written for him by W. W. Pratt, his former partner), he is said to be excellent.

LAST DYING SPEECH OF A NEGRO CHILD.—The following is a specimen of the conversation of the Mulattoes; the speakers are two women of that class, meeting in the market-place: "How do you do, maum?" "Yer well, I tank you, maum; how do little piccaninny, maum?" "Oh! maum, poor piccaninny die." "Oh! maum, I so sorry. How he die?" "Ou can't tink how affectionate he die, maum! He turn up his littel eye, an' say, 'Good bye, ou old gal,' and die like a lamb!"

FUN IN THE THEATRICAL CIRCLES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

A Roaring Dramatic Innovation.

TIME—THE DAY AFTER THE MAZEPPA TRIUMPH.

SCENE I.—*Manager's Room at the Metropolitan Theatre. Present,* MRS. JORDAN, *and the rest of the company, part of whom are going through the wooden horse exercise.*

JORDAN.—(*soliloquises.*)—
My mind is made to't. All this world's a ring,
And all the men and women merely riders,
And each one in his time rides many horses,
Of various heights and ages. First the infant,
See-ing and saw-ing on his rocking pony;
And then the whining schoolboy, playing hockey,
Riding a kicking filly, deftly stolen
From neighbor Stiles' meadow; then the lover,
Waltzing and prancing on a hired charger,
Nick-named Pegasus; then the sporting fast man,
Dashing like lightning o'er the graded highway;
Then the equestrian, dressed in stars and spangles,
Riding trick-horses to surprise the people.
Last scene of all—to make long story shorter—
Comes second childhood, mere oblivion,
Striding a broomstick for to teach his grandchild.

Enter MCKEON, *rubbing his hands briskly.*

MCKEON.—Some imp is in the air and turns mens brains.
This year we've spent a fortune on new plays,
Tried on revivals, lavished princely sums
On scenic art, hired beauties by the score—
But all in vain. E'en forms voluptuous,
However slightly draped, no longer draw,
And even "legs" have ceased the taste to please,
Unless like "Devil's aprons," they may flaunt
From backs of horses.

JORDAN — O, Mac, is it you?
I have had *such* a night! my limbs are bruised
As though I'd been in battle. Yesternight,
As towards the fires I passed with many a thump,
The audience shouting wildly, I did feel
As though I could have yelled with them. Ne'er mind,
So that we fill the treasury. Now Mac,
Since I am in for it, what's next to do?

MCKEON.—I scarce can say. Can you throw somersetts?
Or twist yourself into a doughnut; or
Climb a grease'd pole; toss cannon balls around
As they were marbles; or form pyramids;
Or come the General Putnam over them?
If you were up to these, our suit might win.

JORDAN.—Alas! I could not balance on my nose
A dinnerplatter. Stay! a thought sublime—
I'm told at Bay View all the "fancies" meet
This week to hold a Fair.

MCKEON.— 'Tis even so.

JORDAN.—My plan is briefly this: We'll go and hire
All the Zoyars stud. Not *one* Mazeppa,
A score of them at least shall skim the track.
We'll make a wager with our sister PERRY,
A fat purse and the champion's belt to her
Who gains the day. How think ye—will it do?

MCKEON.—By Heaven! the very thing—my proper sphere,
As I perceive it, is behind the wings,
But give me rope, and I'll do feats—and things!

JORDAN —Go, bear my challenge to our sister, then,
And as you bear yourself we'll win or lose.

Exit MCK., *with message.*

SCENE TWO.—*Manager's Room at the Opera House. All the forces present.*

MRS. PERRY—(*soliloquises*).
Thus far into the affections of the public
Have we rode on without impediment,
And here receive we from our host of critics
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
Jordan, that scheming and ambitious bore,
That spoiled the Drama's fields and fruitful vines,
Gobbles your cash like oysters, sends me here
Challenge to war *a l'outrance*, and the scene
The race course at Bay View.
From 'Frisco thither is but one hour's ride.
Then, let us cheerily on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual feast
By this one rapid trial of sharp riding.

SCENE THREE.—*Apartments of Manager Richings at the Academy of Music.*

RICHINGS (*solus*)—*Figaro improved.*
Mazeppa here! Mazeppa there!
Jordan, Perry, everywhere.
Every one in the street
You may happen to meet,
Ere he asks you to treat,
Says, "How are you, Mazeppa?"
From fences and walls
It sears the eye-balls.
Every jockey that rides
Like Mazeppa bestrides,
And a dozen pedestrians
Daily are floored
By private Mazeppas
On knackers. O, Lord!
If this thing continues
The Opera's done for,
And a bold Supervisor
Your Peter will run for;
Or else make a bull-fight
The feature instead,—
Any dodge to get ever
So little ahead.
Brave, Bravissimo,
Excellentissimo,
Public go hiss [illegible]
Shouts this continue,
Pure muscle and sinew,
With horse-flesh and saw-dust
Will be all the go!
(*Mazeppa here, etc.*)

SCENE FOUR.—*The Bar of the Bay View Hotel. Several hundred thirsty customers "practising at the bar." Enter* WHEATLEIGH, *hurriedly.*

WHEATLEIGH.—Bar-keep', what ho! a brandy smasher, quick.

BARKEEP.—Smashers of brandy, sir, are obsolete.

WHEATLEIGH.—Well, then, a sherry cobbler, gin-sling, punch,
Or whiskey plain, or e'en a pint of beer,
To wash the dust withal.

BARKEEP.—These things are old,
I'll make you, an' you like, a Tartar punch.
Mazeppa cock-tail, or a Jordan smash,
Or Perry Sangaree. Segars, sir? Yes—
Mazeppa twist—Havannas are no more;
Our choicest quality are Jordan tapers.

WHEATLEIGH—(*drinking.*)
The Drama's dead! I'll to the Circus—there
Learn spring-board and Hernandez's feats out-do.

SCENE FIFTH—*The Race Course, Bay View. Present, some fifty Mazeppas, costumed and mounted. Chorus of Sports and spectators—*

"*All on hobbies.*"

Enter MRS. PERRY *as Mazeppa.*

This praise doth nourish agues. I'm on fire
To know this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Across the race course and the Bernal hills;
Perry 'gainst Jordan shall match horse with horse,
Till one or other shall drop down a corse.

Enter MRS. JORDAN *as Mazeppa.*

A horse! a horse! my wardrobe for a horse!

JOCKEY (*leading forward Chase's Gastonorum.*)
This way, madam—I'll help you to a horse.

MRS. JORDAN.—Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will make the riffle, or I'll die!
I think there'll be six Perrys in the field—
Five have I buck'd against instead of her,
A horse! a horse! etc.

FATHER RICHINGS (*quietly taking bets, aside.*)
A plague o' both your horses!

[Terrific cheering—the fifty female Mazeppas start off at the word "go," headed by Jordan and Perry, and accompanied by a host of Jordanites and Perryites—an hour of anxious suspense—and no tidings—a number of Mazeppas are picked up from the ground, where they have been spilled like ripe cherries by the way. Jordan and Perry heard from at "Thorpe's," San Bruno, where they are taking oysters and cobblers, having hypothecated the "belt." Both adjudged victorious and no decision. For further particulars, apply at the Metropolitan Theatre, or at the Opera House.]

SIZING DOWN THE AGE OF MAN AND WOMAN.

THE man that dies youngest, as might be expected, perhaps, is the railway brakeman. His average age is only 27. Yet this must be taken with some allowance, from the fact that hardly any but young and active men are employed in the capacity. At the same age dies the factory workwoman, through the combined influence of confined air, sedentary posture, scant wages and unremitting toil. Then comes the railway baggageman, who is smashed on an average at 30. Milliners and dressmakers live but little longer. The average of the one is 32, and the other 33. The engineer, the fireman, the conductor, the powdermaker, the welldigger, and the factory operative, all of whom are exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die on an average under the age of 35. The cutler, the dyer, the leatherdresser, the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigarmaker, the printer, the silversmith, the painter, the shoecutter, the engraver, and the machinist, all of whom lead confined lives in an unwholesome atmosphere, do not reach the average age of 40. The musician blows his breath all out of his body at 40. Then comes trades that are active or in a purer air. The baker lives to an average age of 43, the butcher to 49, the brickmaker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the furnace man to 42, the mason to 48, the stone cutter to 43, the tanner to 49, the tinsmith to 41, the weaver to 44, the drover to 45, the cook to 45, the inn-keeper to 46, the laborer to 44, the domestic servant (female) to 43, the tailor to 43, the tailoress to 41. Why should the barber live till 50, if not to show the virtue there is in personal neatness and soap and water? Those who average over half a century among mechanics are those who keep their muscles and lungs in healthful and moderate exercise, and not troubled with weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers till 51, the cooper till 52, and the wheelwright till 50. The miller lives to be whitened with the age of 61. The ropemaker lengthens the thread of his life to 55. Merchants, wholesale and retail, till 52. Professional men live longer than is generally supposed. Litigation kills clients sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they average 55. Physicians prove their usefulness by prolonging their own lives to the same period. The sailor averages 43, the caulker 64, the sailmaker 52, the stevedore 58, the ferryman 65, and the pilot 64. A dispensation of Providence that "Maine Law" men may consider incomprehensible is, that brewers and distillers live to the ripe age of 64. Last and longest lived comes paupers 67, and "gentlemen" 68. The only two classes that do nothing for themselves and live on their neighbors, outlast all the rest.

A CANNIBAL IN NEW YORK.—A furrier wishing to inform the public that he would make up furs in a fashionable manner out of old furs which ladies have at home, appended the following to his advertisement: "N. B.—Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies, in fashionable styles, *out of their own skins.*"

CRICKET.

PHILADELPHIA AGAINST NEW YORK.

YOUNG AMERICA VS. ST. GEORGE.

THE YOUNG AMERICANS VICTORIOUS.

The Young America Club of Philadelphia—the champion cricket club of Pennsylvania for 1864—visited New York last week for the purpose of engaging in matches with the St. George and Willow clubs of New York and Brooklyn, playing the former at Hoboken on Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 27th and 28th, on which occasion they achieved a well-earned triumph over their experienced English opponents, the Young Americans exceeding the total score of their adversaries with four wickets to fall. The St. George were not out in their full strength, as far as batting was concerned, they not having either Bainbridge, Torrance or Gordon in their eleven; they had, however, the same bowling which proved so effective against the Philadelphians, and it was better, if anything, in this match than in any previous game this season. The Young America club have beaten every club they have played with this season, and they claim to be the strongest cricket organization now existing in Pennsylvania, and the best American club in existence, and their play in this match goes far to prove the justness of their claim. They are one and all fine young cricketers, and as gentlemanly a club as ever "wielded the willow" or "handled the leather" in the game, and we rejoice at their success, for it gives promise of being the means of making cricket as popular in Philadelphia next season as it was in 1860. On Tuesday, at 11:45, the St. George men sent in Todd and Ford to the bowling of Johns and Harry Newhall, the ground being in admirable order, and the weather all that could have been desired. Todd was the first to face the music, and he soon ascertained that it was to a tune he did not fancy, Johns' bowling being altogether "too much on the wicket to give a fellow a chance, you know, to hit it away," and it was not long before Todd was forced to succumb, his score only being 4, Harry Wright being his successor. Harry went in full of confidence, and for some time he defended his wickets well, bringing on a change in the bowling, George Newhall taking his brother Harry's place. Finally, Harry Wright was handsomely disposed of by H. Newhall at wicket—a beautiful catch it was too—the third wicket falling for 22, of which Harry contributed 16 by good cricket. This ended the average scores of the innings, for the balance of the eleven went down one after another before the assaults of Johns and his partner in bowling, George Newhall, in a manner that shewed the "Dragon Slayers" that they had at last got their match in bowling, only 34 runs marking the fall of the last wicket, only three extras being allowed, so well was their fielding attended to. Kendall was prettily caught at wicket by H. Newhall, and Vanderlip was caught napping by Johns, who, when about to deliver the ball, put down the stumps at his own end, while Vanderlip was out of ground. It was now Young America's turn at the bat, and Vernou and George Newhall went in against the bowling of Harry and George Wright, and finer bowling they never faced before, both being in fine trim for their work. Vernou not being in practice, was soon forced to retire, this fine cricketer having been nobly engaged in defending the flag of his country for the past three years, he being a lieutenant in General Averill's crack cavalry regiment recently mustered out of service. He is but one of many a gallant young Philadelphia cricketer who has similarly done patriotic service in the army during the war; that reliable young cricketer, the late and lamented Walter Newhall being prominent among the number. The next player after Vernou was little Dan Newhall, and of him we have a word or two to say. What this plucky and spicy little specimen of Young America does not know about cricket, practically and theoretically, none but the most experienced veterans can tell him. A cooler defender of his stumps, for his years, we never expect to see, and as for confidence, he has enough for the wole eleven of his club. He evidently does not know the meaning of the word fail in his cricketing vocabulary. It was amusing to hear him chaff his opponents, as one after another they retired from their wickets. He faced Harry's bowling far more pluckily than many an old veteran has done this season, and what is more, he played it too, and with effect, in the second innings, and that at a time when older players were likely to be very nervous. In fact, we are not sure but that the credit of winning the match in the main belongs to Daniel, for it was anything but a sure thing in the second innings when he went in to win. But we are getting on too fast. In the first innings George Newhall batted splendidly against fine bowling, for a score of 14, this and Charley Newhall's 10 being the only double figures of the innings, H. Newhall's 6 being the next best score, the last wicket falling for 46, of which 39 were off the bat. This was a really good score against the bowling opposed to them, backed up as it was by good fielding, and as it was a lead of the St. George's score, they went in rather anxious to recover their lost ground, but not by any means sanguine as to the result. In their first innings Johns had done the damage in the bowling, he taking seven wickets for ten runs only, but in the second innings George Newhall carried off the palm, he obtaining the same number of wickets for *four runs*, a feat unequalled this season, Harry Wright, Todd and George Wright being among his victims. To cut the story short, we have to state that the St. George eleven were disposed of in this innings for 30 runs, only 17 being scored off the bat, their grand total in the two innings being but 64, a little more than one-third of the number they obtained in their match with the Philadelphia club. This left the Young Americans 19 to get to win, and though it was near the time for drawing stumps, they went in to get that score, and tried until dark to do it, but when stumps were at last drawn they had only obtained 12 runs with five wickets to go down. The next day, at 1 P. M., the game was resumed, Dan Newhall and Bayard taking their places at the wickets. There were five wickets yet to go down and but seven runs to get to win, but yet it was not a sure thing that this small score would be obtained, careful play and a good defence being requisite at the bat, and especially coolness and pluck. These latter qualities little Dan possesses to perfection, and they were fully developed in the course of his defence in this innings against Harry Wright's fierce assaults. Harry tried him at all points but could not get in on his stumps, but he caused him to give chances for a catch, and Daniel had to give up after putting three on the score—a two slip and a single—leaving but two to get to win. George Wright having bowled a couple of wides, Bayard had helped the score with one of these required [illegible], when Todd let a ball pass him, the bye thus obtained being the winning run. Thus was obtained the eleventh victory of the Young America Club this season, several of the triumphs being over first elevens, including those of the Philadelphia, Champion, Hamilton, and lastly, the renowned Dragon slayers. Below is the full score of this well played game:

ST. GEORGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Ford b Johns	5	b Johns	0
Todd b Johns	4	b G. M. Newhall	4
Wylde b Johns	0	run out	0
H. Wright c H. Newhall b Johns	16	b G. M. Newhall	6
G. Wright b Johns	0	b G. M. Newhall	0
Ewing b G. M. Newhall	0	c H. Newhall b G. M. Newhall	0
Houghton c Bayard b Johns	2	c Davis b G. M. Newhall	3
Kendall c H. Newhall b G. M. Newhall	0	c H. Newhall b Johns	0
Vanderlip run out	0	not out	1
Outerbridge b Johns	4	c and b G. M. Newhall	3
Newton not out	0	b G. M. Newhall	0
Byes 2, wide 1	3	Bye 1, leg byes 3, wides 9	13
Total	34	Total	30

YOUNG AMERICA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Vernou c Newton b H. Wright	0	hit wicket, b G. Wright	2
G. M. Newhall c H. Wright b G. Wright	14	c Ford b G. Wright	3
D. Newhall b H. Wright	0	c Newton b H. Wright	3
Bayard b H. Wright	2	not out	3
H. Newhall c Newton b G. Wright	6	b H. Wright	1
Mellor b G. Wright	0		
Rodman Wistar b H. Wright	1	not out	0
C. A. Newhall c and b H. Wright	10	c Outerbridge b G. Wright	0
Davis b G. Wright	0		
Watson b H. Wright	1		
Johns not out	5	b G. Wright	0
Byes 4, leg byes 2, wide 1	7	Byes 2, leg byes 3, wides 2	7
Total	46	Total	19

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

YOUNG AMERICA—First Innings.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
W. Johns	62	10	9	7	1
H. Newhall	24	15	1	0	0
G. M. Newhall	36	6	5	2	0
Second Innings.					
W. Johns	52	13	7	2	3
G. M. Newhall	49	4	9	7	6

ST. GEORGE—First Innings.

H. Wright	79	11	12	6	0
G. Wright	76	28	7	4	1
Second Innings.				
H. Wright	60	10	11	2	0
G. Wright	56	2	19	4	2

Umpires—Messrs. Hammond and Ratcliffe.
Time of game—5 hours and 45 minutes.

NEW YORK VS. BRONXVILLE.

THE second eleven of the New York Cricket Club visited Bronxville on September 16th, and played a match with the club of that place, which the Yorkers won by four wickets. It was a close contest, and in the second innings it appeared as though the victory was going to be on the other side of the fence, but Suydam and Horton succeeded in pulling the match out of the fire. The bowling on both sides was comparatively good, and but little fault was to be found in the fielding. The affair was a very pleasant one, and a very enjoyable holiday to all concerned. Very many of the ladies as well as gentlemen of Bronxville graced the grounds with their presence. The score:—

BRONXVILLE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Crich run out	5	c Tyler b Oakley	3
Hollinsworth c Neff b Suydam	11	c and b Suydam	0
Booth run out	0	b Oakley	4
Suckley c Parkins b Oakley	3	c Horton b Oakley	3
Goddard c Oakley b Suydam	5	b Oakley	3
J. Mosley b Oakley	3	b Suydam	1
Thompson c and b Suydam	3	st Tyler b Oakley	11
C. Mosley c Suydam b Oakley	6	c Suydam b Oakley	2
F. Hunt b Suydam	0	c Neff b Oakley	0
G. Hunt not not	0	b Oakley	6
Spooner run out	0	not out	1
Byes 7, wides 5	12	Byes 3, leg bye 1, wides 6	10
Total	49	Total	44

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Oakley c Suckley b Thompson	6	c and b Thompson	2
T. Crossley c Thompson b Goddard	12	c Goddard b Thompson	1
Suydam run out	1	not out	11
Tyler, l b w b Goddard	6	c and b Goddard	0
Neff b Thompson	6	c Goddard b Thompson	1
Parkins b Goddard	3	c and b Thompson	2
Maddock b Thompson	1	c and b Goddard	0
Horton not out	5	not out	2
Bull b Goddard	3		
Clifton run out	2		
Cutmer b Thompson	2		
Leg byes 2, wides 6	8	Byes 5, wides 5

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

W. B. KEMP, Jr., Hadley, Mass.—Accept our most cordial thanks for the package of European games, problems and autographs. We shall hope to see you with additional contributions ere long. It might make considerable difference, indeed, whether Petroff's autograph proves to be in "his own or Maj. Jonisch' handwriting."

T. H., Point Lookout, Md.—Yes, certainly, your opponent can have just as many Queens, in addition to the Queen consort, as he has the skill and fortune to advance pawns "to your rear line," as you express it.

CHAS. C. BARNES, Canajoharie.—We have answered you by mail more fully than we have room to do here.

P. RICHARDSON.—When you get the Enigma solved which accompanies your Problem this week let us hear from you—or, mayhap, a little sooner than that. It was *Ill. London News'* Enig. 1067. "Or any other man" may try his wits at it, and report.

Enigma No. 449.

A Curious Problem.—From the Ill. Lond. News.

BY HERR N——, OF HAINSK, SIBERIA.

at Q Kt 2, K B 6, Q 5, Q R 3, Q Kt 5, K Kt 3, Q Kt 7, K 2d, and White Pawns at K 3, and Q R 2d.

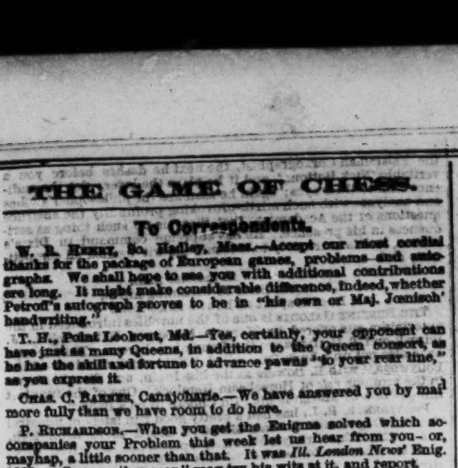
at Q 4, K R 5, Q 5, K R 4, K R 6th.

White to play and compel Black to mate him in ten moves.

Problem No. 449.

BY P. RICHARDSON.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and compel White to mate him in six moves.

Game No. 449.

Our contributor, Dr. C., at Harvard University, gives the Q. R.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Dr. C——	Defence, Mr. S——	Attack, Dr. C——	Defence, Mr. S——
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q to K 2	K B × Kt
2..K Kt-B 3	P-Q 3	14..Kt P × B	Castles (*a*)
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	15..Q-K R 5	P-K B 3
4..Q × Q 2d P	Q B-Q 2	16..K R-B 4	P-K Kt 3
5..Q B-K 3	Q Kt-B 3	17..Q-K R 6	K Kt-his 4 (*b*)
6..Q-her 2	K B-K 2	18..K P × P	K R × P
7..K B-Q 3	Q Kt-K 4	19..Q B-Q 4	K R-B 2
8..K Kt × Kt	Q P × Kt	20..B × Kt P	K R-K 2
9..Castles	K Kt-B 3	21..B × R P +	Kt × K B
10..P-K B 4	Q B-his 3	22..Q-Kt 6 +	K R-Kt 2
11..Q Kt-B 3	K B-Kt 5	23..Q × R, checkmate.	
12..B P × P	Kt × K P		

(*a*) To this point the Defence has looked little enough like receiving the odds. Q to her 4th, putting on a bold front, challenging exchanges and getting up an attack is what he now wanted.

(*b*) Will the gentleman, if this meets his eye, examine P to K B 4th? His case is now hopeless.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS' SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address L. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE, 18-tf No. 22 Spruce street, New York.

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To Correspondents.

EXPRESS, New York.—Our seeming non-compliance with your request was owing to a "mis-read" of your note, viz.: instead of "put this position first," we read "these positions," etc. Any harm done?

J. SPRINGER, Augusta, Me.—Positions received and on file for examination.

A. J. F., Geneva, N. Y.—We are sorry you "don't see it yet," but accidents will happen. Positions and games always acceptable. Hope you will find the "Scrap Book." The Position is a good one, and will go in.

J. A. MUGRIDGE, Buffalo, N. Y.—We have made a note of your last, and are much obliged for the valuable information given.

Game No. 28—Vol. XII.

TWENTY-EIGHTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.	Martins, Black.	Wylie, White.
1..11 to 15	24 to 19	16..5 to 9	31 to 26
2..15 24	27 20	17..3 8	26 23
3..8 11	22 18	18..11 15	32 28
4..4 8(a)	28 24	19..15 24	28 19
5..9 14	18 9	20..8 11	22 18
6..5 14	25 22	21..2 7	20 16
7..11 15	22 17	22..11 20	18 15
8..15 19	24 15	23..20 24	15 6
9..10 19	13 16	24..7 11	6 2
10..12 19	17 10	25..24 27	2 6
11..7 14	29 25	26..27 31	6 13
12..8 11	25 22	27..31 27	13 17
13..6 10	(b)26 23	28..27 18	17 10
14..19 26	30 23	29..18 23	Drawn.
15..1 5	23 19		

(*a*) The variation. Sturges is the only author that treats of this opening and plays 10 to 15 for a drawn game.

(*b*) Splendidly played from this point to the close.

Solution of Position No. 24. Vol. XII.

BY JAMES WYLIE.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..7 to 10	14 to 7	4..26 to 19	32 to 16
2..13 17	21 14	5..20 18	12 16
3..11 16	19 12	6..18	15, and wins.

Solution of Drummond's 32d Position.

(Third Edition.)

1..24 to 19		14 to 10	
2..19 16		10 1	
3..16	7, and wins.		

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.	White—J. McG.
3..8 11	29 25
4..10 14	24 19
5..11 16	

SECOND GAME.

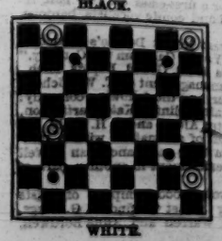
Black—J. McG.	White—J. McI.
1..11 to 15	28 to 19
2..8 11	22 17
3..4 8	25 22

Position No. 24, Vol. XII.

BY A. J. F.

A PHANTASY.

BLACK.



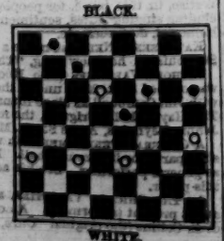
WHITE.

Black to move and win.

The 32d Critical Position

OF DRUMMOND. (3d edition.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and draw.

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"NEW YORK, 2d August, 1861.

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Notice.

All communications, correspondence, etc., intended for this or any other department of the New York Clipper, should be addressed to the editor and proprietor only, thereby ensuring early and careful attention. We give this notice now, in order to prevent omissions, errors, and misunderstandings in the future. Those, therefore, who violate this rule, and whose communications in consequence may remain unnoticed, will understand the cause of our silence.

Frank Queen,
Editor and Proprietor New York Clipper.

City Summary.

Monday, Oct. 3, '64.

Of extraordinary moment, nothing has occurred since we last had the undefined pleasure of communicating with our numerous and appreciative readers; of ordinary events, it may suffice to say that the German opera under "Impressario" Grover has abdicated, and that the Italian under Maretzek now occupies the 14th street establishment; that gold has been down and up alternately; that the female portions of society have been in high glee at the prospect of a fall in dry goods and other necessaries; that the "Fox Chase" at Wallack's proved such a failure that the manager felt himself justified in chasing it off the boards; that "Finesse," at Mrs. Wood's Olympic, which was just as commonplace as the Wallackian commencement, was shelved after a short, flat, and decisive run, and that a much better piece has taken its place; that Petersburg and Richmond have been evacuated two or three times a day for the benefit of stock speculators and gold gamblers, with a slice of Mobile occasionally thrown in to vary the programme, and give piquancy to the movements of the bulls and bears who have their menagerie in and around Wall street; and much other matter equally unimportant and unintelligible. Broadway is as gay as a butterfly—new styles of dresses and hats for the fall are out in full feather; the bonnets worn by the women-folks are neither one thing nor another, but a very common sort of contraption; yet ample amends are made by young ladies and misses, whose turbans, and scull caps, and jockeys, and so forth, are the prettiest head gear ever invented. Long may they wave, likewise the heads that are in them. The great thoroughfare of the metropolis never looked so gorgeous as at present, thronged as it is with its richly-dressed lady promenaders, star actors, and gentlemanly "spotters"—whose avocation seems to be the pursuit of idleness and prepossessing young ladies. There are hundreds of these "spotters" to be seen upon the promenade every day, ogling this damsel, flourishing a handkerchief at that one, and making themselves extremely ridiculous every way. These "spotters," instead of taking in others, get taken in themselves sometimes, as the following lines, sent us by one of the victims of his own conceit, will testify:—

SPOTTING THE GIRLS.

HOW IT COMMENCED.

While strolling down the Broadway street, a week or two ago,
I saw a maid not far ahead, and walking very slow.
I hemmed and hawed, she turned around and gave me such a glance,
It made the heart within my breast keep up a sort of dance.
I gently waved my handkerchief—she also did the same—
I joined her ere she walked a block, and coolly asked her name.
"'Tis Ellen, sir," she quick replied, "and pray, sir, who are you,
And where are you residing now, and what, sir, do you do?"
I told her, with a mournful face, my wife had lately died,
And I'd been searching long in vain to find another bride.
She took my arm—we wandered on, and entered in a store—
She bought a bonnet, dress and shawl, besides a little more;
But when the bill was handed her, she searched her pockets thro',
And cried aloud, "I've lost my purse! Oh, dear, what shall I do?"
I took the bill and paid it all, and as we went along,
I hardly thought I'd acted right, yet hardly thought it wrong.
To save a woman from distress was taught me when a child—
Her eyes were full of tenderness—she did not think me wild.
"Altho'," she said, "it was too bad to treat a stranger so,
Still, as you wished to pay the shot, I could not answer, No."

HOW IT PROGRESSED.

At Taylor's restaurant I asked Ellen what she'd take—
"A little cream, sir, if you please; a piece or two of cake."
I asked her if she'd have a lunch—the charmer whispered "Yes."
The waiter spread a snowy cloth; she settled down her dress,
And said her appetite was poor, she had so long been ill—
I bade her order what she wished—says she "My dear, I will."
'Twas Julien soup, and chicken broth, and turkey, beef and lamb,
And corn and beans, tomato sauce, and tongue, and game, and ham;
Amazed, I watched her eating what would last me for a week,
And gave the maiden credit for a goodly lot of cheek.
I ordered wine—she ordered cream, and then she gave it up;
I thought that after what she'd had, she had no need to sup—
And asked her if she wanted more ere forth we went to roam;
Says she, "My dinner's waiting, sir, I think I'd best go home."
I took the bill and stared awhile; the waiter, I believe,
Was standing calmly looking on and laughing in his sleeve.
Ten dollars was the price he said—I thought it was too bad—
She cleaned me out, I swear she did, of ev'ry cent I had.

HOW IT ENDED.

Up Broadway then we hurried on—I'd nary change to ride,
And as the thought was sad enough I quickly let it slide.
At last we reached her dwelling-place; she did not ring the bell;
But, whilst a host of brats within set up an awful yell,
She simply turned the plated knob and swiftly lit a light,
For daylight then had fled away—'twas eight o'clock at night.
I tumbled up a flight of stairs, upset a pail and broom,
And finally she entered a cosy sort of room,
And threw her bonnet on the bed, her shawl upon a chair—
I put my arm around her waist—she told me then "beware!
I'm much obliged, kind sir," she said, "for all you've done to me,
My husband's in the other room, if him you want to see."
I stood aghast—I saw a form—I saw it raise a boot,
And felt a pain quite suddenly through all my body shoot.
I saw it raise the boot again—I did not wish to stay,
And, tripping, fell upon the stairs, and tumbled all the way.
'Twas there the boot came thund'ring on, and sent me to the door.
My coat was hanging on the stairs, my legs were very sore;
But soon I got another boot, that sent me off my feet,
And hurled me like a tennis-ball away across the street.
I sought my home, and laid a-bed for many a weary day,
And thought that spotting feminines did not, by no means, pay.

MORAL.

Don't make a spot without you think the lady will be kind.
Take warning by the luck I had, and bear it well in mind,
But, ere I end this horrid tale, a rule I will impose,
For spotting, have some leather sewed in every suit of clothes.

There are some strange people besides spotters on Broadway. See that handsomely dressed man walking along there? He with such a pleasant smile lighting up his countenance, and who creates such marked attention from some of the ladies passing by, we mean. Do you see him? Mark him well. He is a prominent actor of one of the Broadway theatres, with a salary of at least one hundred dollars per week. Well, that fascinating, stylish-looking man is the husband of a lady who, at the time of her marriage to him had a comfortable home, and everything requisite to make her life happy; she was the owner of the house in which she lived, but after they had been married for a time, her dashing husband induced her to dispose of it, and he was not long in disposing of the proceeds. The wife now occupies apartments in a tenement house, deserted by her husband, and left to the cold charity of strangers. The affable and gentlemanly husband possesses and supplies two frail beauties, whom he keeps in style, spending his leisure time with them alternately, and these two occasionally send to the wife the leavings from their own table. Reader, this is no tale of fiction, but the plain, unvarnished truth. We give no names, in the hope that this little notice, as it is, may be the means of effecting a reformation in the proper quarter, and placing an injured woman in her true and legitimate position with the man who promised at the altar to love and protect her through life.....We will tell you a little story, of a semi-dramatic, semi-sportive character. It was told us "by a gentleman of this city" who was an eyewitness, and one of the party. Some years ago, the dramatic season at the Birmingham (Eng.) Theatre being concluded, the company proceeded to Stratford-upon-Avon, where a fair was being held, and where they proposed giving theatrical performances. On their arrival, they took up their quarters at a friendly hotel, and entering the ordinary, seated themselves to dine. As Stratford was the place where the first great poet first saw the light of day, a toast in honor of Shakespeare was proposed, and drank with great enthusiasm. A man, also dining there, and who knew more about horses and pugilists than poets, suddenly arose, as the toast of Shakespeare was given, and facing the Thespians, said: "Gentlemen, I don't know nothing about your man Shakespeare, but if he don't weigh more than twelve stun, I'll match Hammer Lane to fight him for a hundred." It is useless to say that the match was not made.

An odd mixture of serio-comic "dramatic literature and effects" was produced at the Olympic, for the first time, on Monday evening, Sept 26th, and repeated throughout the week. It is a dramatization of Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit," adapted for the American market. We saw "Martin" on the second night of its representation, and even that was a little too soon, for some of the performers were ignorant of their parts, and prevented the play running as smoothly as it otherwise might have done. Those most deserving of favorable mention are Messrs. H. Bland, J. K. Mortimer, T. B. Berry, Mrs. Wood, Miss Harris and Mrs. Gilbert. Bland's Jonas Chuzzlewit was a nice bit of acting, from beginning to end; Berry's Chivy Slime was very well done, and Mrs. Wood's Master Bailey was also a clever portraiture. We didn't think much of Davidge's Old Martin Chuzzlewit, nor of Lamb's Mark Tapley, although the latter part isn't much anyhow. The play itself is good in some parts, and bad in others, sometimes dragging along to the inconvenience of the audience. The first and second acts close with tableaux such as are seldom witnessed now-a-days; tableaux that provoke the heartiest laughter, and draw forth a genuine encore. The most effective scene in the serious part of the piece is the murder of Tigg by Jonas Chuzzlewit; this is capitally done. The new play has drawn well so far, there being a splendid turn out in the early part of the week, orchestra chairs and all being filled. With a little cutting down—for it is too long in its original form—and trimming of some of the parts, "Martin Chuzzlewit" may have a pretty fair run.

Mad. Methua Scheller appears at Niblo's this evening, 3d, as Ophelia, to Mr. Forrest's Hamlet. Mr. Forrest, who has seen Mad. Scheller play in Boston, has ever since been an admirer of her talents, and with a generous spirit he has constantly sought to promote her artistic career on the American stage.

They have been doing a rushing business at the Broadway since our lessees, John Owens', Solon Shingle now being the talk of the town, and attracting as much attention as the Presidential canvass. Those who have seen it once, want to see it again, and those who have never seen it, now go in crowds to witness the great performance. While such large audiences continue to patronize the Broadway, the management will not change the programme, for it is doubtful if a better one can be found.

Mr. Forrest appeared as Othello, King Lear, and Virginius last week; Niblo's was thronged on each occasion, the regular seats being occupied at an early hour, and camp stools were brought into requisition to accommodate the late comers.

Mr. Frank Edwards, the gentleman that collects in the postals for Campbell's Minstrels, takes a benefit at that establishment on the 14th inst., when he expects all his friends to turn out *en masse*. Mr. Edwards has a host of friends, and we are sure the hall will be tested as to its utmost seating capacity on this occasion. Frank has a card, in another part of this paper, addressed to the Paste Brigade.

Mr. Arce Wood, the advertising agent for Campbell's Minstrels, notifies the public, in another part of the Clipper, that the stars will shine for his especial benefit at that hall on Friday evening, the 7th inst. The tickets have been fixed at 25 cts., and no free lunches or hash-eaters need show themselves. Mr. Wood was formerly a partner with Dick Sliter, and travelled with him in 1856-7. He has been associated with Campbell's Minstrels for some time.

Mr. Lew Brimmer, of Wood's Minstrels, was presented, on September 26th, with a magnificent silver-mounted banjo, valued at $150, the gift of a few personal friends, as a token of their appreciation of the social and professional qualities of that gentleman.

"The time has come," was the tender language used by Mr. Lincoln when he gave Postmaster Blair notice that his services in the P. O. department were no longer necessary. And the time has come, at last, for a change in the programme offered by the management of the Winter Garden, "De Boots" and "Toodles," after a very successful run of several weeks, giving place this evening to the "Comedy of Errors," and "Somebody's Coat," in both of which Mr. J. S. Clarke will appear; in the former as the Dromio of Syracuse, and in the latter as Smashington. Among the first appearances announced for the occasion are Mr. J. G. Hanley, Mr. G. H. Andrews and Mrs. Anderson. Let us hope that there may be no errors in the performance of this "Comedy of Errors."

Brown has been reported as negotiating with Sherman for a cessation of hostilities against Georgia, and intimating that the State thereupon will "come out from among the foul party," and once more join the Union band. Jeff. smelt a mice, and went after Brown with a sharp stick, threatening to go through Brown if the secession doctrine were attempted by the Governor. Jest so. Brown held his horses, thereupon. But it will never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown. As well might an attempt be made to stop the tide of humanity that nightly flows in at Wood's Minstrel Hall, where the most pleasing and conciliating entertainments are offered "that ever regaled the human mind," as one of our book advertisers delightfully expresses it. Are you tired of war's alarms? Go see how happy the "Conscripts" are at Wood's Minstrels. Are you a Wall-street "short," doubled up by the fluctuations in gold? Go to Wood's, and observe with what philosophical indifference the "Dead Broke Mickey" views the situation. Art thou unhappy on account of the diminutive size of the plates at your ordinary? Proceed to Wood's, and take lessons how to be happy from "Happy Uncle Tom." In a word, Mr. Brown, or any other man of Georgia, let us remind you, in the words of the poet, "Hereditary bondsmen, don't you know, who *would* see fun to Wood's must go?" Don't yer?

When the Jubalant Early reached Fisher's Hill, after he had drawn Sheridan that far into the bowels of the valley, he got his back up against a rude projection on the rocky mountain, and thus soliloquised, in poetic strain:—Said he, addressing himself to the coming man, "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I." Those were his language. Sheridan, who is a gentleman and a scholar, responded in a like becoming and courteous manner as follows:—"These are Phil. Sheridan's warriors true, and Early I am after you." The next that was heard of Early he had flown from his rock and was seeking for Richmond in the throat of death. A piece of the identical rock on which the rebel had his firm base, is to be presented to Barnum, for his Museum, where thousands of curiosities of equal interest are to be seen at all times, cheap for cash. This reminds us also that the Thumb combination are all there, delighting the little people, affording gossip for the matrons, and attracting the sterner sex by the force of habit in following where females do not fear to tread. To show his appreciation of the patronage accorded him by the moral portion of society, Mr. Barnum produces this week the moral drama of "Ruth Oakley." Let us all go and see "Ruth Oakley" or any other girl at Barnum's.

Robert Burns was a man who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow by writing poetry, and to his pen is ascribed the important information, that "a man's a man for a' that." This beautiful thought obtruded itself on our thinking mind the other evening, while witnessing the wonderful performances by Mr. Heller, at his elegant little parlor theatre on Broadway. Our view of the entertainment was somewhat marred by an unfriendly post, behind which the gentlemanly usher insisted on seating us, in spite of our repeated remonstrances that we did not wish to be posted in such matters; he was obdurate, and as deaf as a post to our entreaties, and we were fixed facts in the rear. Although the mysteries performed by Mr. Heller would induce many to believe that he has dealings with the devil—excuse us, ladies—yet, as Burns said, he's "a man for a' that." Alone, he entertains an audience for an entire evening, and by a variety of feats that never permit the interest to flag, or the audience to tire. His tricks are neatly done, and his accompanying remarks are of a very entertaining and witty character; in fact, some of his puns are fresh and delightful as a poet's dream; his piano playing gives evidence of a true artist, and adds variety to the diabolical sallies at the Salle Diabolique. To render still more mystified and varied the attractions, he gives a wonderful exposition of "Second Sight," which, at first sight, seems a most marvellous performance. The little "Nigger Minstrels" came into greater favor last week, and in consequence will not be withdrawn, as previously announced. Although, like Early's army in Virginia, they are in an unfinished State, yet they can be made into a very amusing *corps* by proper machinery and careful handling. A very laughable *finale* is given by the little Niggers, in the introduction of the "Faust Chorus." Other novelties are in preparation. The audiences in attendance continue very large, and by applause give token of their enjoyment.

"Les Deux Fugitifs" is the title of a new comic pantomime to be produced at the Old Bowery this evening. Now as many of our *confreres* on the eastern slope may not have had a classical education like *some* people, and therefore may not be able to make a free and liberal translation of the name of the new pantomime, we will kindly undertake to supply the deficiency. Extraordinary and singular as it may appear, we have the pleasure of informing our ignorant and unbiased readers that "Les Deux Fugitifs" means "The Two Fugitives." You would never have thought it, would you? Well, let us tell you that although the title is French, the acting is not; every movement, every sign, every word being as intelligible to the merest tyro as the crumbling of the rebellion is apparent to the meanest copperhead.....We have all heard, no doubt, of a *John* Bull Fighter. The not of such our pen would write; 'tis of "The Bull Fighter," another sensational drama up for representation at the Old Bowery. In fact, the new pieces are so numerous, and novelties are produced in such rapid succession, that it is somewhat difficult for us to keep the run, although the mass of patrons of the house do, judging by the strong audiences present throughout the week.

If it is true, as a contemporary writer once urged, that "distance lends enchantment to the view," we fear that the rebels in and around Richmond are disheartened by the near approach of the forces under Grant's direction. While our brave boys stood off, and fought at long range, it was no doubt a pleasing view to the Johnnies. Now, it isn't. Grant continues to give the rebs. plenty of variety, first amusing them on the north side, then on the south side, anon somewhere else. On the east side, we also have variety in plenty, the manager of the Varieties, in the Bowery, giving such novel performances as are seldom witnessed. The Hernandez troupe has been the chief card since our last, backed up by a combination of talent that makes up a very long and very attractive bill. George Mankin, the "modern Sampson," is one of the strong attractions this week. The *matinees*, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, are quite largely attended, a number of ladies being present at each afternoon exhibition.

When Brigham Young first commenced to fund his floating wives, and make a combination of them at Salt Lake City, it caused much wonder that such things should be allowed in a Christian community; but we get used to everything, even to a plurality of wives; and now, Brigham's peccadilloes create no more surprise than Jeff Davis' hurried trip from Richmond to see Brown. Indeed, we are interested in Brigham's wives, and want to see more of them. To this end, Artemus Ward, who has been there, designs giving us a series of entertainments by means of designs on canvas, and figures of speech. Mr. Ward has seen a great deal of the world, including Salt Lake, and it is to be inferred that when he opens his mouth to speak, he will such tales unfold as will harrow up our, and so forth. Ward expects to open next week.

"Eddy! Eddy! Eddy!" is the cry of the gods in the upper regions of the New Bowery, after their favorite has made a ten strike in one of his great impersonations. They almost idolise Eddy. But soon he will be seen and heard here no more; soon he will leave for pastures new in New Orleans, where he is to be one of the managers of the St. Charles Theatre. His engagement has been quite successful so far, his audiences enthusiastic, and his performances exciting in the extreme. This week, a series of melo-dramas, etc., will be offered, some of them new. Manager Lingard is meeting with deserved success. May it continue.

The first of a series of Saturday afternoon dramatic entertainments is to be given at Wood's Broadway Theatre, on Saturday, October 8th. It is intended for those who cannot make it convenient to attend in the evening, and all others who may feel like witnessing the great moral drama called "Azael, the Prodigal Son." Let all the prodigal sons in this city make up their minds to attend, and Central Park will not hold them, for of such is the city of New York.

"Masher and Smasher" can be seen at Campbell's Minstrels every night, in all their mashing and smashing beauty. There also you can see the goose smiling at the gander, and many other features of ridiculous import.

Salt River promises to have a large increase to its floating population by the middle of November, as numerous parties are now making preparations for the trip. Each man will paddle his own canoe, and make himself as comfortable under the circumstances as the circumstances will permit. In the meantime, pending the progress of events, the pilgrims are enjoying themselves at Butler's American Theatre, where they nightly assemble in large numbers to witness the evolutions of the ballet, the songs and jokes of the Niggers, and whatever else the manager may have to offer for their amusement. In view, probably, of the forthcoming political death of some people, a farce called "Buried Alive" is to be revived this week. If all the rabid politicians could be buried alive before the election, what an interesting and lively time we could have of it. 4-11-44 are favorite numbers with certain classes, but it is the policy of the masses to go in for "444."

A Second Series of Presentation Concerts is announced, in consequence of the great favor with which the first was received. Three concerts of the opening series took place at the Academy of Music, last week, the entertainments affording much enjoyment to the patrons of the enterprise. The first concert of the second series will be given on the 6th inst., purchasers of tickets in the meantime receiving presents with their tickets as soon as purchased. One dollar secures an admission to the concert, and entitles the holder to one of many prizes offered by the New York Manufacturing Jewelers' Association. For full particulars, see advertisement in another column. Tickets can be had at the Company's depot, Nos. 542 and 544 Broadway.

Ossanas, the well known Turkish chess player, commences a series of entertainments illustrative of Turkish life and manners at Irving Hall this (Monday) evening, 3d inst.

Banjo Playing and jig dancing are desirable accomplishments. Those wishing to acquire them should see Bogan's advertisement in another column.

J. M. Nixon has taken the Hippotheatron for the purpose of giving equestrian and circus performances therein. The opening is to take place to-night, October 3d. A list of the company, &c., will be found among our amusement advertisements.

Frank B. Converse, one of the best of the players on the banjo, is now engaged in giving instructions on that instrument, at his rooms, No. 563 Broadway. See his card among our amusement advertisements.

A difficulty having arisen between one of the Dobson Brothers and Frank Converse, both teachers of the banjo, the latter has placed in our hands a check for $500, and a challenge to play against Dobson for $1,000. The challenge of Mr. Converse will be found in another column. Shall we have a banjo match? is now the question.

Magicians' Apparatus is not easily to be procured, particularly that which is invented for new tricks and illusions. This being the case, we are pleased to be able to call attention to Jerome Lubin's card in our advertising columns. He is fully competent to execute all he undertakes.

By the invitations of a number of our citizens, Mr. L. Jerome Hopkins intends giving a series of musical entertainments shortly. He has done much for the cause of music in this city.

We have a great many blowers in this city, but their blowing don't amount to much. Now, we are to have some useful and entertaining blowing, Woodroffe's troupe of Glass Blowers, Workers and Spinners, the originals, opening Hope Chapel this week, for the purpose of giving a number of their very pleasing exhibitions. It is worth the price of admission just to see the beautiful glass steam-engines, the Monitor and Excelsior, in working order. The Woodroffe Bohemians give a good show.

Dramatic.

The Holman Opera Troupe completed a brilliant engagement of two weeks at the Old Theatre, Nashville, Tenn., on the 17th of September. At the end of "Fra Diavolo," on the night of Miss Sallie's benefit, W. M. Foster, the stage manager of the establishment, presented the popular young *prima donna* with a valuable diamond ring, which had been handed to Mr. Flynn, one of the proprietors, for the purpose by a few friends in front. The troupe proceed from Nashville to Louisville, and thence into Indiana, on their way to fulfill an engagement with J. C. Myers, in Toronto and other Canadian cities. See advertisement.

Bella Golden has been doing quite well with her Kathleen Kavanagh, in the "Peep o' Day," which was the great attraction at Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, last week. Martin Golden was the Black Mullens.

Gates' Combination opened at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 26th September, to a $700 house. "Mazeppa" was the play, with Miss Kate Raymond as the individual doomed to a free and uncontrolled ride on the back of a fiery, untamed steed. Mr. O. B. Collins played Abder Kahn, which he can well perform.

Mr. Evelyn Evans has been performing the part of Robert Brierly, in the "Ticket of Leave Man," at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. E. A. Locke, who has a good understanding of the Yankee character, appeared as Green Jones, of mutton-pie proclivities.

The site of the late Adelphi Theatre, in Troy, N. Y., is now occupied by Griswold Hall, which has been remodeled and transformed into a first class theatre. The proprietor, Mr. W. D. Van Arnum, offers to let the establishment from the 11th inst. to Nov. 18th, for dramatic and musical purposes. It will seat 1800 people. See Mr. Van Arnum's card in our advertising department.

Edwin Adams closed a very profitable engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 1st inst. His Robert Landry, in the "Dead Heart," was probably the most effective of his performances.....This week, Vestvali is the star. "Bel Demonio" is to be produced in style for the purpose of introducing the lady in one of her best characters.

Mrs. Emily Jordan was tendered a complimentary benefit Sept. 1st, at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco.

The New Theatre in Leavenworth, Kansas, has been open now for three weeks. Thomas Moore Tyrrell, the leading man, was discharged for cause on the second day of the season. Several people who were engaged to appear, have slipped up. A leading man and a juvenile man are sadly wanted, our correspondent says, and adds:—"We would advise the management of this beautiful theatre to fill those positions at once, or for the reputation of the place, close until such people are secured. Mr. Coolidge is proprietor and manager; Henry Linden, stage manager. Messrs. Geo. Timmethim and W. H. Coolidge are the builders and owners. Business thus far, admirable."

Mr. Blanchard, the gentleman of dog drama renown, has been in Europe for some time, and was expected to set sail for this country Sept. 28th. He is to bring with him two more dogs, which he intends to introduce to the public the present season. Parties wishing to secure the services of Mr. Blanchard and his performing dogs, will find his advertisement in another part of this paper.

Maguire's Academy of Music, San Francisco, was still running English opera. Sept. 2d, Auber's "Fra Diavolo" was presented for the last time. "Martha" was produced Sept. 3d, and "Don Pasquale," "Maritana" and "Crown Diamonds" were in active preparation.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Emily Jordan has been showing her shape in "Mazeppa," but has given way for Miss Utie Clifford to do the same. Good houses are *not* the order of the day at this house, although the company is a good one.

"Mazeppa" is the card at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, with Mrs. H. A. Perry as Mazeppa.

Providence promises to be well supplied with amusements of all kinds the present season. Mr. H. C. Jarrett, of the Boston Museum, has leased the Academy of Music, and the opening performance takes place on the 6th inst., with Grover's German Opera Troupe. After the season of opera, the entire Boston Theatre company will appear and give a series of Shakespearian performances. The company will include Mr. E. L. Davenport and J. W. Wallack, Jr. After the Boston company, comes the Warren Combination.

Mrs. General Lander, formerly Jean M. Davenport, the once very popular actress, but who has been retired from the stage the past three years, will, it is said, resume her profession in November.

The Italian Opera Company, composed of several fine artists, gave two concerts at the New Assembly Rooms, Baltimore, on last Friday and Saturday nights to very fine, in fact, crowded houses. The programme consisted of some choice selections from the operas, and were finely rendered. Mme. Lorini, prima donna; Sig. Stefani, tenor; and Sig. Amodio, baritone, were especially excellent and were loudly applauded. Signor Arditi and Steffenoni, prior to their early departure for South America, an announcement that is received with much regret by the music-loving citizens of this place, as both gentlemen have already contributed much, both professionally and socially, to the enjoyment of many of them, and have made for themselves a host of friends. Sig. Strini and Steffenoni were assisted by M'lle Filatoff, prima donna, lately from St. Petersburg, Miss Allen, and Signor Errani, the distinguished tenor, and presented a programme containing many choice selections from the modern operas, also a number of beautiful English songs. The house was crowded, and each performer received the loud applause their talent richly merited."

At the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore, fine houses, the past week, have attested the high estimation in which the Warren Combination is held by all who appreciate real genius and merit. Mr. Wm. Warren fully realized the expectations of all. The Combination concluded their engagement at that place on Oct. 1st. Their performances were attended with marked success, and elicited from the large audience unbounded applause, all of which they richly merited.....This week, Mr. Junius Brutus Booth appears there, opening on Monday night, 3d Oct., in Richard III.

The draft has been enforced in St. Louis. Among the unfortunates are Geo. J. Deagle, manager of the Varieties Theatre; Robt. Atkinson, treasurer; Ben. Wheeler, comic singer; S. J. Gates, stage carpenter; and J. H. Rogers, St Louis Theatre. Substitutes, $1000 each.

W. B. Chippendale, of the 30th Louisiana regiment, was killed in the battle of the 28th of July, before Atlanta. He was the youngest son of W. H. Chippendale, stage manager of the Haymarket Theatre, London, and was for some time attached to the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, first as low comedian, and afterwards as treasurer under the Owens management—and was an actor of considerable merit, and much respected by all.

"Jenny Diver" is on the bills this week at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, with the Gates combination, who did a very large business last week with "Mazeppa," notwithstanding a powerful opposition. "Jenny Diver" was written expressly for Miss Kate Raymond by Jas Pilgrim, and is said to be a very exciting drama. Bonny Black Bess has a prominent part in the piece.

A New Opera House, called the "Concordia," is being erected in Baltimore, on Eutaw st., near Lombard. It is being put up as rapidly as the nature of the work will allow. The prospects are, however, that the building, commodious as it is, will be ready for occupancy on or about the 1st day of March, when the lovers of the drama will enjoy the pleasure of a series of opera entertainments on the largest scale. The arrangement for seats is on the most extensive plan, and will provide handsome sittings for 3,000 persons.

Lucille Western is the star, this week, at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati.

Mr. Frank Lawlor was married in San Francisco, Sept. 1st, to Miss Helen Josephine Mansfield, of that city.

Miss Mary Preston will please take notice that T. Rooney wishes to know her whereabouts for the purpose of communicating with her on important business. See advertisement.

The St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, is fast undergoing such radical improvement that its old friends will barely recognize that place of resort. Not only have the exterior walls, front, cornice and balcony been completely renovated, but equally thorough changes have been and are being effected within—the chairs through the auditorium, the walls, ceiling, private boxes and the stage, will all exhibit the enterprise and correct taste of the management. Manager Eddy is resolved to offer every means of accommodation and attraction, and his critical judgment, based upon years of experience, is a sure pledge that neither a good *repertoire* nor signal professional talent will be wanting on the St. Charles boards this season.

Miss Emily Thorne has made many friends in St. Louis by her admirable acting and singing. Our correspondent "Don" says—"I visited the St. Louis Theatre on the 24th Sept., that evening being for the benefit of the widow and family of the late Mr. O'Hara, an amateur performer much respected in this city. The house was well filled, Miss Thorne appearing in two pieces—'How to Make Home Happy' and 'Pocahontas.' Ben de Bar and Miss Thorne were honored by a call before the curtain at the conclusion of the after piece. Little Mac and Master Eddy, from the Varieties, performed a double clog dance, after which the farce of the 'Bonnie Fish Wife' concluded the show. The last time I saw Miss Thorne, previous to this, was at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, London, some four years since. She certainly has much improved as a vocalist, and has created quite a sensation here in the song 'How Are You, Conscripts?'.....Indianapolis is her next engagement.....Miss Mary Provost appeared on Monday, Sept. 26th, in 'As You Like It,' Ben de Bar as Touchstone."

Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis, has been visited by crowds during the past few weeks. The city being full of soldiers and others interested in the draft, makes things pretty lively. At the suggestion of the principal performers and many influential citizens, a grand complimentary benefit was to have been given to its proprietor, Geo. Deagle. Friday, Sept. 30th, was named for the day, but the advance of the rebels toward that city may have prevented its taking place, as business generally had been suspended.....Johnny Mac has made a big hit in Dick O'Neil's new song, "The Bully Substitute."..... Mons. Tophoff's new ballet "Ali Pacha," was produced on Monday, 26th Sept., in which Mons. Tophoff and several of the artists received great applause.....Maggie Marshall has been added to the company, and has already become a great favorite.....That pleasing and fascinating *danseuse*, Kate Pennoyer, is to return there shortly; she will be cordially received, as she has heaps of friends there. "Don Cæsar de Bazan," with Miss Hathaway and Celia Morley in the principal parts, was also produced.....Mr. G. A. Bean is now the leading comedian at this establishment.

The Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, opened for the season Sept. 19th, with the following company: Messrs. Barton Hill, A. W. Fenno, H. P. Daly, M. Bishop, W. H. Crisp, G. L. Campbell, Joseph Barrett, J. Salten, J. Collins, H. Melmoe, Bacon, Walter and Smith; Misses Josephine Henry, Rose and Kate Wood; Mesdames Isabella Preston, Mahler, Viola Barrett, Seymour and J. H. Allen. Three farces were the opening pieces; viz., "Swiss Swains," "Sketches in India" and "Handy Andy." The house was crowded, says a correspondent, and adds: "Mr. Scallan made quite a favorable impression; Miss Rose Wood was warmly applauded for her graceful dancing; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Barrett were cordially greeted on their re-appearance in this city. The comedy of 'Man and Wife' was produced Sept. 21st, introducing Mrs. J. H. Allen and Barton Hill in the leading roles. Mrs. Allen is an old favorite here, having greatly distinguished herself at this theatre, some years ago, for her rendition of Miranda, in the 'Tempest.' Barton Hill and Scallan are also old acquaintances. Mr. H. F. Daly made his *debut* here Sept. 22d, as Duke Aranza, in the 'Honeymoon,' creating a very favorable impression.....Mrs. Gladstane, Dora Shaw, Lawrence Barrett and Dan Setchell have been engaged and will appear during the season."

The Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., was re-opened Sept. 27th, by R. Edwards, with the following company: Messrs. R. Edwards, W. Arnot, J. Berry, Boyles, Cunningham, Mrs. Mattie Berry, Misses Hattie Franklin, Julia Edwards, Alice Berry, and M'lle Whitford.

The Old Nashville Theatre opened for the season Sept. 19th, with Helen Western as the star. "The Devil in Paris" was the initial performance. During the week she appeared in the "French Spy," "Devilish Good Joke," "Actress of Padua," and her engagement was announced to terminate Oct. 1st.

Miss Leo Hudson closed a lucrative engagement at the New Nashville Theatre, Sept. 24th.

"The Naiad Queen" was produced at the New Nashville Theatre, Sept. 26th, in a most gorgeous manner, surpassing, it is said, anything ever before attempted in that city. It was to continue the balance of the week, and then be taken off, as engagements with stars are imperative. It is hinted that Miss Avonia Jones commences Oct. 3d.

Two of the Profession in Trouble.—Introduction to the Military Authorities.—Quite an exciting time was had on the stage at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, on Wednesday night, Sept. 28th, caused by the arrest of Messrs. Bokee and Raymond by the military authorities, on the charge of contemptuous language. It appears that during the representation of the "Heir at Law," Mr. Bokee had occasion to say, "Thank Heaven that I am not an American; I am an Englishman!" This, it appears, was understood as a slur upon our Government by the manner in which Mr. Bokee uttered it, and his arrest was ordered. The officers visited the rear of the stage at the fall of the curtain and placed Mr. Bokee under arrest, to report at head quarters next morning. Mr. John T. Raymond, who was present at the time, was taken into custody for abusing the officers, and conducted to military head quarters, but was released shortly afterwards on parole, to report next day. We believe that this is the third time Mr. Raymond has been arrested by the military authorities. On a previous occasion he was taken to Washington on a charge of giving a colonel a practical illustration of the "manly art of self-defence." So says our correspondent "Monumental."

Mr. L. P. Barrett continued another week at the Louisville Theatre, and appeared, Sept. 27th, as Hamlet. He was supported by Anna Levering as Ophelia, and C. Hartwell as the Ghost, who made their first appearance this season in that city on this occasion.

The Holman Troupe closed a two weeks' engagement at Wood's Theatre, Louisville, Oct. 1st.

McKean Buchanan and daughter performed at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, last week, to excellent business, and judging from the tone of the press, they must have made a favorable impression upon the Boston public. During the past week they appeared in a round of their most popular pieces and had good houses every night. The following notices of these excellent artists we clip from the leading papers of that city, which goes to show how they like them:—

"Howard Athenæum.—'The Robbers' will be repeated to-night. This is a grand and exciting play, affording great scope for tragic acting, which is fully demonstrated by the superb rendition of Mr. and Miss Buchanan. The audience was aroused to enthusiasm by the force and power of Buchanan's Charles de Moor. All who are fond of grand acting should see 'The Robbers' to-night."—*Courier, Oct. 1st.*

"Howard Athenæum.—Mr. McKean Buchanan and his daughter, Miss Virginia Buchanan, have attracted excellent houses here throughout the week."—*Commercial, Oct. 1st.*

"McKean Buchanan and his daughter Virginia Buchanan began their engagement at this theatre on Monday, and have appeared in 'London Assurance,' the 'Octoroon,' 'Richard Third' and 'The Robbers.' These plays have afforded a good opportunity to judge the merits of these artists. But those of Mr. Buchanan were well known. His daughter presented herself for the first time before a Boston audience. She is a young lady of about 20, has unquestionable talent, a good stage presence, and not a little personal beauty. Her impression on the respective audiences has been of the most favorable nature, and she has already made many friends who will not fail to watch her future interests."—*Express, Oct. 2d.*

"Mr. McKean Buchanan and Miss Virginia Buchanan have been received, during the week, at the Howard Athenæum, with marked manifestations of favor. The former is so well known here, and has so many admirers for the majesty of his mien, the power of his voice and the energy of his acting, that we need only say that his style remains unchanged and seems quite as effective as ever. His daughter is a tall, stately, well-proportioned and good-looking lady, whose voice and manner are pleasing, whose costumes are tasteful and whose ambition will doubtless be productive of good results."—*Gazette, Oct. 2d.*

These artists remain this week, and were to produce on the 3d inst. a new play by Henry Morford, entitled the "Plebian's Daughter." It was originally produced in England, and afterwards in Australia, California and various portions of the country this side of the great river, and it has had a very marked success. The leading parts are sustained by Mr. Buchanan and daughter. It has been pronounced by the first critics of London, Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, Melbourne and other cities, to be the best American drama yet produced, and has, for the past three years, held rank among the acknowledged dramatic efforts of the day.

Zoe is the star attraction this week at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.

Yankee Locke is at the Tremont Theatre, Boston.

"Paul

Tom Poland and Sig. Constantin. Tommy Boyd was announced to appear on the 3d inst.

AT THE PALACE VARIETIES, Cincinnati, Harris, the ventriloquist, T. J. Riley, J. H. Taylor and Julia Dayton were among the attractions offered by the management. Tom Poland, Ethiopian comedian, and Sella Chinese, dancer, were to appear on the 3d inst.

JOHN DENIER, the famous sensational gymnastic artist and aerialist, has been giving the people of Alexandria, Va., an opportunity to witness his interesting in his specialties for the past week, with which they were highly pleased. On the 29th he visited the gymnasium there, and astounded the frequenters in his "giant swings." He resumes operations at the Canterbury, Washington, this week.

G. BROTHERTON, who was charged with committing an assault some time since on Chris. Norris, of the Casino, Philadelphia, was sentenced on the 30th Sept. to an imprisonment of two months, and to pay the costs.

MATT THOMPSON and W. S. McEwen are performing at the Columbus, Ohio, Varieties.

SEVERAL NEW FEATURES are on the bills of the Philadelphia Casino, among them the pantomime of the "French Schoolmaster," and the burlesque of the "Dancing Master." Miss Amelia Wells is at this house.

YOUNG LADIES wishing to learn the Zouave drill, and several other performers, are advertised for in this issue by James Conner & Co., dramatic agents.

Miscellaneous.

E. PAUL BARRY'S last work of art, called the "Ethno-Soterian, or the Bondage of the Children of Israel in Egypt, their Forty Years' Wanderings in the Wilderness, and their Final Entrance into the Promised Land," consisting of fifty tableau paintings, opened at Music Hall, New Haven, Ct., Sept. 24th, for seven nights.

A HAIRLESS MARE is quite a curiosity—as much so, almost, as a wooly horse; and, we presume, quite as much sought for by showmen. Such a mare is owned and held for sale by Daniel Negus, of Mansfield, Ohio. Barnum or "any other man" should negotiate for it. See advertisement.

OSSIAN E. DODGE and William Hayward sang at Napa City, Cal., August 30th, to a full house. They had returned to San Francisco to rest for a few days, and would then visit Los Angelos, Monterey, San Jose, &c. They were intending to return at once to the states by the overland route, but the stages had been discontinued on account of the Indians; so these gentlemen had concluded to remain a little longer in the land of gold. The San Francisco *Daily Flag* of Sept. 1st has the following notice in regard to these popular vocalists, which their many friends will be glad to see:—"SUCCESSFUL SEASON.—After a most successful expedition through the interior of this state and Oregon, Messrs. Dodge and Hayward have returned to this city, and will soon return home. Wherever they have been, the generous and just inland papers have mentioned their performance with enthusiastic approval. Within the entire season of six months they have lost but two nights, having turned away hundreds of people for want of room, and have kept their tickets at one dollar, while other entertainments were given at fifty cents. They have averaged $1000 a week ever since their performance in this city six months ago. We particularly mention these facts because, when these excellent and popular vocalists—who come from Boston with an established reputation—performed in this city, the *Evening Bulletin*, by a brutal and wholly unjust criticism, endeavored to destroy their professional prospects. Instead of injuring, the *Bulletin's* coarse article benefited them, as the interior papers, in their hearty detestation of that journal, took up the cause of the vocalists and made their fortune. Dodge and Hayward are excellent men, loyal sons of New England, and as vocalists have an established reputation in the musical world."

THE GRAND PAVILION for the fair of the Mechanics' Institute, in San Francisco, was thrown open to the public September 3d. In the evening, there was to be a grand display of fireworks in Union Square.

GILBERT'S MUSEUM, San Francisco, has the Giant Boy, James Murphy, the Albino Family, the Lightning Calculator, and the Snake Charmer.

STEPHEN MASSETT delivered his new serio-comic lecture, called "Drifting About," at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, September 1st. The lecture was well received; his imitations of actors, and his humorous anecdotes drew forth laughter and applause. There was not so large a house as there might have been, but the audience was "select." Well, that isn't *much* of a consolation.

ALF. BURNETT, the famous and eccentric elocutionist and humorist, is soon to give New Yorkers an opportunity to listen to his budget of comicalities and poetic readings. Managers desirous of securing his services should communicate with his agent, whose address will be found in an advertisement in another column.

"A STEADY SOBER CITIZEN" is wanted as an agent for a season of ten months, commencing on the 20th of the present month. See R. G. W.'s "call" in our advertising columns.

THE EVANS & MAZZONI TROUPE closed an engagement of three nights at Troy, N. Y., Sept. 28th, and opened at Pine's Hall, Poughkeepsie, Sept. 29th. On the 5th and 6th inst., they appear at Catskill, and 7th and 8th at Hudson.

CHARLES M. SCHMITZ has been elected leader of the Germania Orchestra, of Philadelphia.

A STEREOPTICON of the war, magic lantern, and fifty-two pictures, is advertised as for sale in this issue at the low figure of $130. Cost $200. See advertisement.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE performed in Indianapolis, Ind., to excellent houses. On the 28th and 29th of Sept. they were at Dayton, Ohio, and tested the capacity of the house each night. On the 1st of October they were announced to appear in Hamilton, thence to Covington, Ky. On the 21st of September, quite an affecting incident occurred to Manager Carter. He was presented with a beautiful present by his wife, it being a young Zouave. It is of the male persuasion, and at last accounts mother and child were doing well. May Mr. Carter live to have a regiment of Zouaves of his own, and plenty of rations to feed them with.

A PANORAMA and diorama of American battles is offered for sale. See advertisement.

Amateur.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave their regular weekly performance on Wednesday evening, Sept. 28th. The weather being very unfavorable, the audience was small, most of them being ladies. The programme consisted of "The Robber's Wife" and "Sent to the Tower." The latter went off very well. A correspondent says: "Mr. Waer, as Perkyn Puddifoot, was very amusing, and kept the audience in a constant roar. Mr. Burns, as Launcelot Banks, was most excellent. This gentleman has improved very much lately, and, in his *role* of old man, has no equal in the Association. The stage was run poorly on account of the absence of Mr. Hulfish, the stage-manager. Mr. Beach was billed to sing a comic song, but on account of the non-arrival of music, he was debarred from that pleasure. This Association is now the only one *living* in this city, all the rest having had their day; the Booth, Forrest, &c., have all been obliged to close, and the Wheatley, organized in 1860, was never in a more flourishing condition. They intend giving a benefit for the Treasury very soon.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

MRS. FRANCES EDWIN HUGGINS, a well known professional in London, died in Barnsbury, Eng., August 27th, aged 63 years. The deceased lady was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Pierce, first old man, and an actor of considerable ability in the company of Huggins and Clarke, Lessees and Managers of the North Lincoln Circuit. She was better known in the theatrical world as Mrs. Huggins Edwin, was born in the first year of the present century, and was probably the oldest actress in the profession, having been for *fifty-one* years constantly before the public in one or other line of business. Of late years Mrs. Edwin, adopting the line of old women, has been attached, by turns, to the Sunderland, Newcastle, Norwich, Leeds and Ipswich Theatres, everywhere esteemed as an excellent actress, especially in such parts as Mrs. Willoughby, in "The Ticket-of-Leave." With her usual happy cheerfulness of disposition, Mrs. Edwin had returned to her husband and family about half-past eleven on Saturday morning, August 27th, in apparently perfect health and spirits. Half an hour later, however, she was seized with symptoms of apoplexy, and by three o'clock of the same day had ceased to exist.

AN ACCIDENT, which might have been attended with most lamentable consequences, occurred lately at the Grand Theatre of Marseilles. During the ballet in the second act of *Peau d'Ane*, Mdlle. Pancaldi, one of the principal dancers, made a false step, and fell into the prompter's box, which is sunk below the stage, close to the footlights. She was not much hurt by the fall, but her dress came in contact with the gas, and was instantly in a blaze. She, however, promptly extricated herself, and was running across the stage, when the Manager, M. Defoss-z, caught her in his arms, and succeeded in extinguishing the flames before any fatal injury was done, but his own hands were severely burnt. As there were thirty other female dancers on the stage, it is almost a miracle that further injury was not done.

MISS KATE BATEMAN commenced a two-weeks engagement September 26th, at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. On the 10th inst. she commences an eleven-nights' engagement at Birmingham; thence to Dublin, October 24th, for twelve nights; Manchester, November 7th, for seventeen nights; and appears at the Theatre Royal, Adelphi, London, January 2d, 1865.

THE LYSTER OPERA TROUPE terminated an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, Melbourne, Australia, July 9th, the closing night being for the benefit of Mr. Lyster. The troupe was announced to appear at Ballarat, July 20th.

AMUSEMENTS.

BROADWAY THEATRE,
FOR THE WEEK COMMENCING OCTOBER 3, 1864.
SIXTH WEEK OF THE REGULAR OVATION TO
MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
THE GREAT INTERPRETER OF COMEDY.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—The manager is desirous of presenting Mr. Owens in a fresh variety of his comic personations, confident as he is that they will extend the splendid triumph already achieved by that masterly artist, and confirm anew his now established fame as FIRST OF LIVING COMEDIANS; but the extraordinary popularity of his JOSHUA BUTTERBY and SOLON SHINGLE practically evidenced in the nightly attendance of
THE LARGEST AUDIENCES ON BROADWAY,
forbids the withdrawal of those Magnificent Successes.
FIFTH WEEK OF TOM TAYLOR'S GREAT COMEDY,
VICTIMS.
SIXTH WEEK OF MR. OWENS'S SPECIALTY,
THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.

THE STARS WILL SHINE
AT CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
FRIDAY EVENING OCT. 7th,
For the Benefit of
MR. ANCE WOOD.
NO FREE LUNCH.
TICKETS FOR SOUP 25 CENTS.
BILL STICKERS CAN ADDRESS DONATIONS 201 BOWERY.

EXTRA CARD.
CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET,
TO
COL. JOHN T. KELLY, OF ALBANY; LT. COL. J. P. WYMAN, OF TROY; MAJOR MIKE LEAHY, OF SYRACUSE; AND COL. LUM SMITH, OF BUFFALO;
YOUR INSTALMENT OF $3 EACH HAS BEEN RECEIVED FOR PRIVATE BOX NO. 1, FOR MY BENEFIT, ON FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 14th, 1864.
HOW ARE YOU, PASTE BRIGADE?
Your humble servant,
FRANK EDWARDS,
Treasurer Campbell's Minstrels.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
472 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor and Manager.....HENRY WOOD.
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.
CROWDED HOUSES.
MONDAY, OCTOBER 3,
and every evening during the week.
THE ECHO,
THE CONSCRIPTS,
MICKEY'S DEAD PROOF,
SLEIGHING CARNIVAL,
HAMLET,
HAPPY UNCLE TOM,
COMIC BANJO SOLO,
THE BLACK BRIGADE,
&c., &c.
Doors open at a quarter to 7; Commence at a quarter to 8 o'clock.
TICKETS 50 CENTS. RESERVED SEATS 50 CENTS.
NOTICE.—No connection with any traveling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 26

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
199 and 201 BOWERY,
OPPOSITE SPRING STREET.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT,
and
SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, AT 2½ O'CLOCK.
GREAT SUCCESS OF
MR. CHARLES AUSTIN,
in the
ZOUAVE DRILL,
and
MASHER AND SMASHER.
First week of
THE GOOSE AND GANDER.
TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7th,
Benefit of
MR. ANCE W. WOOD.
Tickets 25 cents to all parts of the house. 26

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
Sole Lessee and Manageress.....Mrs. JOHN WOOD.
Stage Manager.....Mr. J. H. SELWYN.
MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 3.
"AN EVENING WITH DICKENS."
COMPLETE SUCCESS
Of the new adaptation of
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT,
dramatized expressly for the Olympic,
BY S. R. FISK, ESQ.
Received nightly
WITH SHOUTS OF
LAUGHTER AND APPLAUSE.
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
and
THE ENTIRE COMPANY,
TABLEAUX NIGHTLY ENCORED.
Doors open at 7¼. Performances commence at 7¾.
Seats secured three days in advance. 26

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director, and Manager.....G. L. FOX.
NEW SENSATIONAL DRAMA,
THE BULL FIGHTER.
New Comic Pantomime,
LES DEUX FUGITIVES,
Founded on the Drama of
ROBERT MACAIRE.
Also, the capital New Play of
THE PHANTOM
OF
GLENCLIFF CASTLE.
THE FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY
and
PANTOMIME TROUPE,
Will appear nightly in the above pieces. 26

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY EVENING, Oct. 3, 1864,
EDWIN FORREST,
(first time this season,)
in his masterly delineation of
HAMLET,
supported by the entire Company.
OPHELIA,
(first time in this Theatre,)
MADAME METHUA-SCHELLER.
TUESDAY,
EDWIN FORREST as DAMON.
The Manager, in consequence of other arrangements, is obliged to announce
THE FAREWELL NIGHTS OF THE DUKE'S MOTTO.
It will be performed on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5,
Being positively its last night but Three.
PRICES.—Admission, 75 cents; secured seats in Parquet Stalls and Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 30 cents; Private Boxes, $8 and $10. Seats secured six days in advance. 26

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Stage Manager.....MR. N. B. CLARKE.
LAST FIVE NIGHTS OF
MR. E. EDDY.
The great Drama of
THE SILVER ARROW.
THE GAMECOCK OF THE WILDERNESS.
The Drama of
ALONZO THE BRAVE.
FRIDAY EVENING, Oct. 7th,
GRAND COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL TO
MR. E. EDDY,
Being the last night of his present engagement, and his
FAREWELL APPEARANCE
previous to his departure for New Orleans.
Box Book now open. 26

HELLER'S SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
No. 585 BROADWAY (opposite Niblo's).
HELLER'S
SINGULAR SUCCESS,
EVINCED BY
HOUSES CROWDED NIGHTLY.
Warrants the Repetition of
PROGRAMME NO. 3,
DURING THE WEEK.
CROWDED HOUSES are astonished at the Illusions.
CROWDED HOUSES are amazed at the Second-Sight.
CROWDED HOUSES are delighted with the Pianoforte Solos.
CROWDED HOUSES smile at Heller's Pleasantry.
CROWDED HOUSES roar at the Anthropologosi.
HELLER'S QUINTET BAND
is a new addition.
THE AUTOMATIC MINSTRELS
Will be continued one week longer, by request.
THE MEPHISTOPHELIAN NOVELTY
Will be produced in another week.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2 P. M.
Doors open every evening, at 7½; Commence at 8.
Seats can be secured at the box-office—without extra charge—from 9 till 6.
HELLER IS A GREAT SENSATION. 26

BROADWAY THEATRE,
POSTPONEMENT OF THE MATINEE.
In consequence of the preparation requisite for the effective production of the great moral drama,
AZAEL, THE PRODIGAL SON,
its performance is unavoidably postponed until
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 8th,
AT 2 O'CLOCK,
when it will be produced after many weeks of costly preparation replete with
OPERATIC, CHOREOGRAPHIC, STARTLING,
AND
INTERESTING DRAMATIC EFFECTS,
presenting a series of
TABLEAUX OF UNAPPROACHABLE GRANDEUR.

M. JOHN DENIER,
THE SENSATIONAL GYMNASTIC ARTISTE
AND CATARACT ROPE ASCENSIONIST,
is now in his fourth week at the
CANTERBURY HALL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Managers of First Class Theatres, wishing to engage
M. JOHN DENIER,
Now the Great Sensational Wonder, and the best paying STAR, can do so by addressing
M. JOHN DENIER,
26-1t* Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C.

DODWORTH HALL,
806 BROADWAY, OPPOSITE 11TH STREET,
ARTEMUS WARD,
AMONG THE MORMONS,
being
SALT LAKE CITY
IN FIGURES ON CANVAS,
AND
FIGURES OF SPEECH,
Will positively open in the Second Week of October. 26

PLAY BOOKS.
PLAY BOOKS. PLAY BOOKS.
COMIC DRAMAS FOR COLLEGE, CAMP, OR CABIN, 40 cts per vol., 3 vols.
DRAMAS FOR BOYS, 40 cts per vol.
GUIDE TO THE STAGE AND ART OF ACTING, 15 cts each.
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SHAMUS O'BRIEN, the Poem by Lover, in part 1 Olio.
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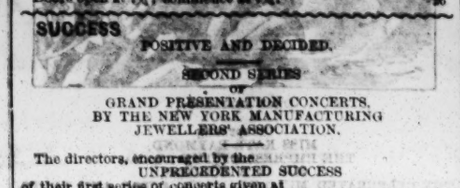
FOR SALE BY
SAMUEL FRENCH, Publisher,
122 Nassau street, New York.
Send red stamp for full catalogue and prices. 26-4t

GRISWOLD HALL,
TROY, N. Y.
The regular FALL AND WINTER SEASON at this establishment will open on or about the 19TH OF NOVEMBER prox.
The Proprietor is now prepared to negotiate with people for a COMPLETE DRAMATIC STOCK COMPANY.
Liberal inducements will be tendered to STARS, for whom nights can be immediately arranged. Apply to
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
26-4t 25 West Houston street, New York.

WINTER GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....W. STUART.
Business Manager.....J. G. HANLY.
MR. STUART has pleasure in announcing that on
MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 3,
MR. J. S. CLARKE,
Will inaugurate the EIGHTH WEEK of his most brilliant engagement, by appearing in the character of
DROMIO OF SYRACUSE,
In Shakespeare's most charming creation of
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.
New Scenery, Dresses, and Appointments.
A NEW OVERTURE BY MR. ROBERT STOEPEL.
New Farce, written expressly for Mr. Clarke, entitled
SOMEBODY'S COAT,
In Which MR. CLARKE will appear as SMASHINGTON.
The characters in these pieces will include the names of
MR. J. G. HANLY, MR. G. H. ANDREWS,
(their first appearance at this Theatre,)
MRS. ANDERSON, (her first appearance in New York,)
MR. C. WALCOT, Jr., MRS. A. H. DAVENPORT,
MRS. CHANFRAU, MRS. SEDLEY BROWN,
Misses Fawcett, Eberle, Burroughs, Mrs. Chester, etc.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 8. 26



The directors, encouraged by the
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS
of their first series of concerts given at
THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
are induced to announce
A SECOND SERIES OF CONCERTS
on the same plan, and characterized by the
SAME LIBERAL FEATURES
which distinguished the first.
THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC
have universally endorsed the perfect
FAIRNESS, IMPARTIALITY AND LIBERALITY,
of this novel enterprise.
During the past fortnight ticket purchasers have received
PRESENTS,
the actual cost of which has exceeded
THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS,
THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.
EVERY PURCHASER
HAS BEEN SATISFIED,
and the concerts have been pronounced
THE MOST POPULAR EVER GIVEN IN NEW YORK.
THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
will be engaged for these concerts, and the tickets will be placed at the same low price of
ONE DOLLAR,
thus enabling all to enjoy
A FIRST CLASS CONCERT,
and
RECEIVE A PRESENT,
worth from one dollar to
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!!
FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!!
The presents will be distributed from the
MAGNIFICENT RENEWED STOCK
OF
JEWELRY, DIAMONDS, SILVER WARE,
TEA SETTS, BREAKFAST SETS,
PIANOS, SEWING MACHINES,
and a variety of
BIJOUTERIE AND OBJECTS DE VERTU,
now on exhibition at the
DEPOT, 542 and 544 BROADWAY,
the only place where tickets are sold and
PRESENTS DISTRIBUTED
at the time of purchase.
THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SECOND SERIES
will be given at the
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6th.
For list of artists and programme, see daily papers.
26-1t* E. H. ELIAS, Actuary.

WANTED--for Wood's Minstrels, a first class ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN AND END MAN. None but first class artists of acknowledged ability need apply. Application to be made at Wood's Minstrel Hall, from 10 to 12 A. M., or address by letter, stating qualifications, reference, salary, etc.
COOL WHITE,
26-tf Stage Manager of Wood's Minstrels, 514 Broadway.

TO MINSTRELS.---T. H. JACKSON, formerly of Buckleys', is ready to engage as
BASSO OR MIDDLE MAN.
Address Lock Box 407, Providence, R. I. 26-2t*

WANTED---A Smart, Reliable AGENT, for a season of ten (10) months, commencing about October 20. Must be sober and well recommended. MONEY SURE. Would like to hear from CHARLES B. GRISTE or FRANK EDWARDS. Address, with terms, R. G. W., care of Alexander Calhoun, Steam Printer, Hartford, Conn. 26-2t*

WANTED.---ARTISTS for a First-Class Concert HALL,
2 No. 1 SINGING LADIES.
1 " SENTIMENTAL VOCALIST, GENT.
1 " COMIC " "
1 " BANJOIST and " "
1 " HUMORIST " "
1 " ACCOMPLISHED DANSEUSE.
Three Young Ladies that can SING, and must be of genteel and handsome appearance.
To the best of talent good engagements will be given. They must be willing to go as far as Memphis. Apply by letter immediately to DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agency,
P. O. Box 1226, or office 65 west 4th st., room 5,
26-2t Cincinnati, Ohio.

MEMBERS OF THE EQUESTRIAN, DRAMATIC, or MUSIC HALL PROFESSIONS, wishing to purchase anything in this city, can do so by addressing JOHN BECKERLEY, box 3497, and he will purchase either Tights, Stockings, Dancing Clogs, Jig Shoes, or anything belonging to the profession.

Cotton Equestrian Tights	from $3 25 to $5 50
Worsted Tights, all colors	6 50
Worsted Equestrian Shirts	6 25
Worsted Trunks, all colors	from $2 75 to 3 50
Worsted Long Hose	4 00
Clown Suits, striped around	13 00
Clown Suits, striped up and down	18 00
Equestrian Shirts, all colors	from $3 00 to 6 00
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FOR SALE.--A Splendid Panorama and Diorama OF AMERICAN BATTLES, with new and thrilling effects, recently finished by eminent artists, from spirited designs by Chappell. Will be sold at a bargain. For terms, address "War Exhibition," Lowell, Mass. 26-1t*

A SONG and DANCE MAN and General Performer wishes an engagement in a Music Hall or Minstrel band. For further particulars address
26-1t* F. W., CLIPPER Office.

FOR SALE.---$130, cost $200---A Stereopticon of the War, Magic Lantern, 52 Pictures, &c., used only eight weeks, (cause, illness). E. CLARK, Watertown, N. Y. 26-3m*

J. J. GUNN'S Address is wanted immediately by
MESSRS. SKIFF & GAYLORD,
26-2t* No. 767 South Third street, Philadelphia.

JIM CHARLES' (wench dancer) Address is Advertised for, as they wish to know his whereabouts, by Messrs. SKIFF & GAYLORD, No. 767 South Third st., Phila. 26-2t*

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S MINSTRELS will be prepared to start out on their regular annual tour, on or about Oct. 25th. WANTED.—A first class E flat Cornet Player, one who can play 2d Violin. Also, several good Musicians; must be first-class. Performers making application, as well as those who have been already engaged, will address immediately, Messrs. SKIFF & GAYLORD, No. 767 South Third st., Philadelphia. 26-2t*

TALENT WANTED.
M. JOSE ALBISU, proprietor of the Circus Habanese, Cuba, is at present in this city, and wishes to engage Performers of all kinds for his Circus establishment for the coming season in Cuba. Acrobats, Gymnasts, Equestrians and Equestrienne; also, a few Ballet Girls, who can make themselves useful in Pantomimes, Ballets, and a few that can Walk the Wire, &c. Address, or call on MR. JOSE ALBISU, No. 227 East 32d street. 26-1t*

BANJO AND JIG DANCING Taught by Letter.---On receipt of $1, I will send three written lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. Banjos of superior tone always on hand. Address JOHN BOGAN, 149 East Houston st., N. Y. 26-4t*

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JEROME LUBIN, 183 LAURENS STREET,
Manufacturer and inventor of Mechanical Apparatus, Automaton Figures, etc. Always on hand a large stock of entirely new Scientific and Electric Apparatus, never used in this country. All orders promptly attended to. 26-4t*

EDWIN ADAMS,
TRAGEDIAN.
For location, see Dramatic summary, weekly. All communications upon business must be addressed HARRY WALL,
26-tf Agent.

THE BANJO TAUGHT
BY FRANK B. CONVERSE.
Refers by permission to the following music dealers: Wm. Hall & Son, 543 Broadway; W. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway; S. T. Gordon, 538 Broadway; and the Minstrel profession generally. Instruction rooms at No. 551 Broadway, up stairs. 26-1t*

THE ZOUAVE DRILL.---Wanted immediately, EIGHT YOUNG AND ATTRACTIVE LADIES to learn the Zouave Drill; also, FOUR DANSEUSES, and STRING and BRASS BAND. Young ladies who can play brass instruments preferred. Address
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
26-1t 25 West Houston street, New York.

GROVER'S THEATRE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
WANTED, for a Six Months Engagement, commencing immediately,
A FIRST OLD MAN,
A FIRST LOW COMEDIAN, and
A FIRST WALKING GENTLEMAN.
Reliable Artists, who are not elsewhere engaged, may apply at once to C. D. HESS, Acting Manager. 26-1t*

HIPPOTHEATRON,
Opposite the Academy of Music.
MR. JAMES.....Director.
Doors open at 7 o'clock.
THE ENTERTAINMENT
WILL BE COMMENCED MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 3,
and every evening during the week.
GRAND MATINEE
EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, AT 2 O'CLOCK.
The excellence and merits of the Company can be appreciated by examining the
LIST OF ARTISTS.
Mlle MARIETTA LANFRETTA, YOUNG NICOLO, M'lle IDA, M'lle VIRGINIA SHERWOOD, M'lle ANGELIQUE, Miss DEVERE, Miss SOYER, J. V. CAMERON, F. SEIGERT, Herr MOLIQUE, the BROTHERS TALLEY, CHARLES SHERWOOD, Master SHERWOOD, LA PETIT GORGA, GEORGE SMITH, with the distinguished Clowns, E. AUSTIN and J. COOKE.
ADMISSION.—Reserved Seats, 75 cts.; Boxes, 50 cts.; Amphitheatre, 25 cts.

BANJO CHALLENGE FROM FRANK B. CONVERSE.—Having been insulted in the grossest manner by one of the Dobson Brothers, and bantered in a public bar-room to play with him then and there on the banjo to decide as to who was the best performer on that instrument, and having no desire for bar-room notoriety, as is the custom of said Dobson, I refused to lower myself so much as to compete with such as him in such a place, preferring to act the gentleman, which the said Dobson could not do. I hereby challenge
ANY MEMBER OF THE DOBSON FAMILY
that pretends to play the banjo, to contend with me for $1000 a side, in any minstrel hall in Broadway, each party to choose a committee of two or three competent musicians, and they to decide who is the most artistic performer for developing the musical qualities of the banjo, for best harmony, musical modulations, taste, etc. The entire receipts of the hall to go to the proprietor, or to a charitable association. I do not issue this challenge for any notoriety, for I am already somewhat known to the public at large; but I do it because I have been grossly insulted by one whom I consider beneath me in many respects, that go to make the man or the musician, and because I have been informed by said Dobson that he could excel me. Now he, as well as the public, can have an opportunity to judge as to who is the best man. I have made it an object for these gentlemen to play against me by offering to play them for $1000, for if I should play against them for reputation, and should happen to lose, I lose a hard-earned reputation. With them it is quite different. I have therefore deposited in the hands of Frank Queen, Editor of the CLIPPER, a check for $500, which will remain for two weeks, and as soon as covered, I will make it $1000, and as I want no newspaper notoriety, but mean business, the said Dobson Brothers, one or all, can cover that amount, or any amount up to $5000, and have the matter settled at once. If they do not accept this, let them forever hold their peace and never more pretend to be
"TEACHERS OF THE BANJO."
The public's obedient servant, FRANK CONVERSE,
551 Broadway.
New York, Oct. 3, 1864. 26

HOPE CHAPEL, 720 Broadway.
WOODROFFE'S ORIGINAL BOHEMIAN TROUPE of GLASS-BLOWERS, GLASS-WORKERS and GLASS-SPINNERS will open the above Hall on Monday evening, October 3d. Grand Promenade Entertainment. Grand Triumphal Tour through the
UNITED STATES AND THE CANADAS.
The splendid glass steam engines,
MONITOR AND EXCELSIOR,
will be in full operation at each exhibition. 26-1t

AMERICAN THEATRE,
DAVENPORT, IOWA.
F. J. WILDMAN.....Lessee and Manager.
Opened September 20th. Season, six months. First class Stars treated with on liberal terms. Address as above, or to
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
26-1t 25 West Houston street, New York.

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LOOK HERE YE GAY SPORTS AND FESTIVE MAIDENS. New Books just received from Paris.
Latest Books, Cards, Prints, &c., in the Fancy line.
Our new Cartes de Visite are especially rich.
Send for them. 25 cts each or six for one dollar.
Also old John Brown in all his glory. Original. 35 cts.
Rich, Rare and Racy Songs, 10 cts. each, or $1 per doz.
Send for a pack of the real French Transparent Playing Cards, Gilt edge, fifty-two in a pack. Each card contains a splendid picture. No humbug. Only $2.00
Gay Colored Photographs. Send for them. They will take the hair off of your head. Only 25 cents.
We have all the Fancy Books you have ever seen or heard of. Send for a Catalogue, free of postage.
Send for our new Patent Button Hole Machine. This will make you shut your eyes. Only 25 cents.
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Tom Brown's Jest Book. Big Thing on Brown. 50 cts.
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Don't read this. A MAGNIFICENT ALBUM, gilt edge, containing Twelve Photographs of Females in every attitude, taken from life, will be sent by mail, free of postage for Three Dollars.
Send for our Mammoth Circular. We require no stamps. (WE DETEST IMPOSITION AND COURT OPPOSITION.)
Address all orders to
J. ALBERT BURTON & CO.,
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Admission 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

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NOTICE.---The whereabouts of Miss Mary Preston, who, in the Fall of 1862-3 was playing at the Toronto, C. W., Theatre, is wanted by T. ROONEY, Box 1229, Toronto, C. W. He has something important to send to her. 26-1t*

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has just completed
A BRILLIANT ENGAGEMENT
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A CARD.---Another bitter pill for the New York Agent, but the poor family will have to grin and bear it, no doubt. One of the members suffered a great deal for his country in Wakefield, England. Criminal history records this. I presume the poor fellow in New York belongs to the same family.
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On this occasion
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COMMENCING THEIR ELEVENTH ANNUAL TOUR
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BONNY BLACK BESS,
THE CHAMPION ACTING HORSE OF AMERICA.
MONDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 3d, 1864,
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JENNIE DIVER, THE FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN,
written expressly for Miss Kate Raymond by James Pilgrim, Esq.
JENNY DIVER..... MISS KATE RAYMOND
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Managers wishing the services of this celebrated troupe, will please address JAMES CONNER & CO.,
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ADHESIVICULAR ARTIST,
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in conjunction with
EVANS & CO.'S GREAT ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
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FIRST VISIT SINCE THEIR RETURN FROM ENGLAND, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SEVEN YEARS.
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GEORGE CHRISTY,
who appears nightly in connection with this company.
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Sole Proprietors .... BEN DE BAR and E. EDDY.
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All applications for engagements must be addressed to
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MORAN'S MINSTRELS,
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APPEAR EVERY EVENING,
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